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MY HARP.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The cause rod my harp shall be;
For from the valley thorns,
Ill hearted grow their fragrant leaves,
And sere them into song.

A song that shall not blush with blood;
A song that scorns slaves;
A song the sinless ones will learn;
A song of love, sweet love!

Of love for Nature in her stern,
Her sheeny, her ocean-spray;
But love still deeper for the soul
And destinies of man.

III.

Sir, sir, to cease, to my breath,
While circles sacred a door
Keeping safe every one
Whose sleep of love, sweet love!

And star yo all exquisite flowers
Beneath the breath of those
In whose deep hearts, like sound harps,
Love everlasting glows!

O when a glorious, fragrant choir,
Blend in heaven's open,
Sounding with seraph harmony
The fruitless of love!

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

A TALE OF 1859.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAROLD BRIDE," "ST. ELMO HALL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

We pass over an interval of about eighteen months, during which some startling events had taken place in the positions of the individuals whose fortunes form the topic of our narrative.

Governor Mink had not only retained, but he had increased, his personal popularity, until there were few in the city who treasured him in esteem. He was a man of liberal views, generous nature, and unbounded energy of character. His manners as gentlemanly, his personal appearance as manly in the great metropolis of the great republic. Envy could not pick a flaw in the appointments of his person, his house, or his stable.

Celine, studied, under his fifth, to handle with skill, and attend wedding wants of attentive valet.

Governor was satisfied. He felt that he was in his right position, that he had the genius to manage the great world, and to adorn the social elevation which he had attained. Of what use he asked, had this property ever been to old Frazer, who had always lived like a miserable man? Of what use was wealth to any of the countless hosts who hoard and hide their riches for possession, and then leave it to be appointed for by hungry heirs? Genius was of no use for spending money properly or for amassing it, and he believed that he possessed the former quality in an unusual degree.

But his conscience was not altogether quiet. It would not always "keep" at his bidding.

Little Arthur Rikehall came to the house, sometimes, in dreams, and stretched out appealing hands. Sometimes the pale sweet face of Grace Rikehall haunted his slumbers, and the sterner visage of her elder sister, who seemed to be searching diligently for her lost cousin in the lonely rooms and corridors of the vast mansion.

But these reproachful phantoms vanished with the night, and if they came back to him by day, as they sometimes did, even in his festive hours, he had a spell ever ready with which to propitiate and banish the vehement arrogant.

He would do something for them. He would travel through the fairy kingdom. He would pay Arthur and Grace their long-forgotten dues. He would restore him who should be wealth to them, and secretly and unknown. Unknown he would do this, not even receiving thanks for his beneficence. The freedom was should, in some way, restore his old: he would, at least, see that they did not come to want.

Such were his resolves, growing feebler on each repetition, as vague and shadowy.

But all the objects of the rich man's ambition were not realized. He had not yet succeeded in that distinguished alliance for his daughter which he desired and which was the darling object of her mother's aspirations.

He had many worthy suitors, but none of satisfactory rank.

A resident, or even a State Governor might do—if he were young and fashionable," Mrs. Monroe said to her son in the vexation of disappointment after their term is out it's all up with them, and they are no better than other folks. The truth is, we ought to have a hereditary nobility in this country."

Eben assented to this view of the case, and, in the absence of the domestic circle, the fond parents turned their attention to such specimens of the imported species as occasionally sought our shores. There was not a prince or a lord, of any country or of any degree, who condescended to mingle at all in New York society, whom Eben did not run after, and whom he did some device to get hold of. The very fact that he had, first and foremost, obtained access into a sort of claim to the next, until his right to enfeeble distinguished foreigners, to converse with the nobobs of his own city, many of whom were of considerable fame, came to be quite undisputed.

On these occasions the handsome Miranda was, of course, exhibited to the best advantage: all her accomplishments were displayed, and if she were not actually ticketed with her dowry, there were enough officious, laughing friends ready, in some indirect way, to blazon the high figures—high enough, indeed, to be out always an object of indifference to dispirited fords.

ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND WITH A TITLE.

But Miss Miranda Mink, as has been seen, was really an attractive young lady, handsome, gifted, and witty, and possessed, if not of much positive talent, of a quick perception of the relative value of others, indeed, in this direction she was remarkably successful, and so minutely as to attract attention, and pattern, when the opportunity offered.

There really was a prospect that this beautiful and dazzling bud would be exhibited in some of the star-fish who disported themselves at times in Mink's golden lake.

As old Lord, Wilcox damaged estate was at once, while they lived, grew sentimental over the beautiful heiress, walked with her by moonlight, drove out with her, (with her father's horses,) escorted her to the opera; but, just as the delightful parents writhed in delicious agony, received news of an accession to his property by the death of an Irish Indian brother, which relieved him of all embarrassment, and so rapidly cooled the ardor of his passion that he embarked for home in the very next Canadian, after the brother and most formal leave-taking. His P. P. C. card and a photograph of his old face was sent with the latter, and, with the exception (at Rhoe's expense,) was all that remained to console the wretched Miranda, who was left to pine over her disappointment, and conceived to make her acquaintance believe that her mother's cold visit was the result of a dismissal.

It was quite proper, then, that, at last, for a man of fifty-five to think of such a thing. She would not have had him if he had been a duke.

Mr. and Mrs. Mink were still more chagrined than their daughter by what they did not call family ambition, which they believed would yet be gratified.

Leaving them to the prosecution of their darling scheme, let us look after the fortunes of Rita Walworth, for when the preceding year and a half had worked another changes, involving real calamities and distress.

Her father's failing health and consequent loss of business had reduced his family to a state of poverty little less than a year after the time when Mr. Belmont had been his guest. With daily diminishing resources and strength, Mr. Walworth had still fought "The battle of life" so long as he could, cheerily trusting to better times and being certain that Heaven must have some good things in store for one so pure and sweet as his darling Eda. But while he waited and struggled, his health declined, and with every more alarming type, until in the spring of 1858 his physicians assured him that he could not get quiet and repose of the country, and an entire cessation of care, could still stay the remorseless chance of prolonging his life for even a single year.

The repose and quiet of the country! There was health and peace in the very sound of the words, to one who had spent a life in the city. The turmoil of the great city, deafened by its noises, elbowed and trod upon by its crowds, suffering from its heat and dust in summer, and from its biting blasts in winter, and almost forgetful that there were such things as green fields, and purling streams, and shady forests, and the sweet wilderness of birds and flowers which forever confined his vision, and held his ear pledging and silence.

The country! Oh, ever blessed garden of the Lord! How from the very spirit pine for your benedictus, for your pure, balmy air, your holy silence, and your shades!

But alas for poor Walworth! such happiness was unattainable by him, unless by one humiliating mode. If he could surrender his independence and set the bread of charity, there was a country house which he believed would be gladly opened to him in his distress. His elder and only brother, a man of nearly three score years, was a prosperous farmer, and resided about fifty miles from the city. He was a coarse, rough, churlish man, ignorant in the extreme, and very resistant in his opinions and very obstinate in maintaining them.

He had always differed from Theodore in politics, and he had fallen out for brother, and refused, unhesitatingly to assist him. The same is himself, but the same because he was a Democrat, and Theodore was a Whig. Theodore's party triumphed—Andrew Jackson was elected President, and Theodore was appointed to a clerkship in the Custom House, which aggravated the worst features of his character, and Matthew Walworth's hate was deep and overbearing man. His wife, as has been shown, was cursed with the same spirit, and sixteen and very pessimious years of his life as a hard worker, and repeated everyday shook her to follow her example; and as he knew that her husband's death was near only in a great degree, to her own interest and comfort, and she was willing to see his property wasted. She was a tall, gaunt woman, of a thin face and very sallow skin complexion, and had an only daughter of the same pattern, and as repugnant in appearance, who through local very handsome, and affected a spectacle energy for all city ladies.

Nothing less than the emergency in which we have placed Walworth would induce Mr. Walworth to ask a refuge in such a house as this. It was the spring of the year, and the time of day was at hand, when he would be capable to give up his home for want of money to pay the rent, even if he had been willing to ask for his brother's roof in town.

His thought, at last, must be saw a bright ray from the dark picture before him. To persuade Eda to make all his friends, abandon her privileges, and a carpeted lady, when could then their daughter be left to the care of Aunt Esther, and with a portion of this he could obtain a cheap house as near the city as possible, enter-in-law, retaining the remainder to sustain them for a few months. Then, thought he, down with mental work, he was sure that he should be able to do a large amount of pleasant labor on the farm, and that he could thus fully pay his way, and with the return of health and independence, he would be working but that health which would yet enable him to regain himself of all obligations.

This project, more rosette made on conception, and poor Eda, who was a litter of dark hopes, still maintained a belief in fulfilment, and cheered the heart of he hour, good things in store for one so pure.

When Walworth had overcome his sensitive repugnance to the proposition to apply to his brother, he began for the first time to entertain his physicians assured him that he could not get quiet and repose of the country, and an entire cessation of care, and still hope the remotest chance of prolonging his life for even a single year.

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Polly was beginning to get the fine lady, dressing herself every afternoon in her best, and sitting by her parlor window, while Eda set the tea-table, assisted her aunt to wash the dishes, and even began to learn that most absurd of all rocks, to her, solitude even. Shirley side with the most elaborate of servant-girls, she went trembling to the barn-yard in a pair of huge pails, and took her first lessons in this fine science. Miss Esther and her boldened daughter stood over the fence, and encouraged her to the work; and the astonished cows, missing the iron grasp to which their udders were accustomed, grew restive under the delicate manipulations of the novice, and blanded their resentment for the futility by lunging and kicking, and by driving the city maiden in terror from their side.

But Eda, though repulsed, and permitted to dwell in tents for the time, was not long contented into a renewal of her attempt on subsequent days.

And although she looked sufferingly forward, all day long, to the dreadful task, though her nightly dreams were disturbed by horrible encounters with horrible monsters, who seemed to gnaw her with fiery eyes and baking tails and double cows, she gradually learned her art, and night and morning sat contentedly down beside the mark-eyed, monkey animals, hanging as her former fears, and almost enjoying her new occupation. She had already learned to make butter and cheese, and by degrees the management of the dairy was chiefly committed to her hands, on that her services, although confessedly underrated, and made to appear as toiling votes, soon because far more than an equivalent for her own and her father's support.

Mr. Walworth did not improve in health, and he was disappointed in finding that he acted pensions as treated labor without increasing the vital strength of his disease. He was confined much of the time to the house, but in fine weather he had many pleasant rambles in the fields and woods, always with the company of Eda, and the cheering hope that sometime she could be spared from her assiduities domestic duties to walk for an hour with her father beyond the precincts.

Polly Walworth, however, soon grew too valuable to be spared by parlor assumed to be spared by parlor assumed to be spared by parlor assumed

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My don't seem to care about company; and you know she is rather cluffed in her notions about folks—that's all."

"Oh, I shut good enough to come near her, then, I s'pose? Very well. Stench and all, and the angry look neared his wrath in silence for some time, barely suffering himself to be mollified at length by some spicy gossip about a rival Admiral, who thought himself mighty killing;" but who "couldn't hold a candle to somebody that Polly could mention."

"Do you mean me, Polly?" he asked, clenching the tooter her sharp, thin chin.

"Course I do," said the fair flatterer. "Everybody knows that you are a long the handsomest."

Charley came nearer popping the question that night than he ever had before, as the repentant sailor was plainly sue; and many were the arbitrage by which she sought to lead him on. He stopped short of the mark, however, and was away, after engaging the willing Sally's company for the next Sunday night. Which, he said, he thought he should have something to tell her

Polly held her head high during the next three days—was more than usually supercilious towards Ada, and would throw out some mysterious hints about leaving home, and about the pain of parting with her parents, intending, no doubt, to earn a little less suspicion than usual. But an incident occurred which Sunday came round which again threatened an interruption to the course of true love.

The squire's son had never been captivated so much by Polly himself as by the bread and butter which she represented, for she was old Archibald's only child. The latter was a widower of seventy; and but for the scorn with which he supposed the widowhood of his daughter, he was all ready to be "off with the old love and on with the new."

Ada and her father had walked out together on Saturday afternoon, and, tempted by the fine weather, and by the beautiful and inviting face of nature, had strayed, unconsciously, a little farther than usual from home. They were in sight of Squire Boddy's fine large farm-house, when Mr. Walworth was affected with a sudden faintness, arising from the unusual exertions, and the terrified Ada shouted to some laborers in open of the fields for assistance. They came quickly to her aid, and one of them, with a will, ran to the house for water, while the other accompanied the fainting man and child to the wain, with pale lips and almost inanimate voice, helped his daughter on to the shafts, and, and so escorted entirely away.

As Mr. Walworth's disease had been pronounced to be in the heart, these were, of course, alarming symptoms, and Ada, with the most frantic, supported his head, chafed his hands and his bloodless temples, and looked anxiously back for the help which, although very prompt, seemed to her terribly long coming in coming.

Charley Boddy and his sister accompanied the laborer, the former bearing a decanter of wine and the latter a pitcher of water, while Mrs Boddy brought up the rear with cold and a fan, and as all three came on a rapid run, they were quickly at the side of the sufferer, and the restoratives applied.

Charley was seemed to have some practical good sense, and who had the advantage of not being frightened, immediately noticed Mr. Walworth's head from the lap of Ada and let it rest upon the ground, and then, in spite of his sacks, and substituted the throat band of his shirt—a providence which immediately relieved the sufferer.

"Oh, look at the handkerchief, Charley, wipe him a little with that," said Ada, while the rudiness of Mrs. Boddy's remarks, and the sneer with which her father to have been rescued from the very jaws of death, looked upon the stranger as some delivering angel, and poured forth her gratitude in his ears in such words and with eyes that were literally flooded and overflowing with tears.

Charley, who thought he had never seen such a beautiful creature before, and who was sure the world did not hold her equal, received her acknowledgments with mingled emotion, and replied to them with words which he was surprised to find that Ada did not even know what to be was; and when she was, in the midst of herself and father, his invitation not only to go to the house and rest, but to permit him to take them home in his wagon, he was quite well with continued delight and delicacy.

The Boddys all proved very hospitable; and while the parents were conversing with Mr. Walworth, now fully restored, the son found opportunity and courage to talk to the object of his love.

"Love! I thought you knew me," he said; "I'm round to your house pretty often."

"Oh, yes; I know you," she said, smiling; "but you know I have never seen you before, sir—"

"And that we're my fault, neither," replied Charley, promptly. "You have given me chance enough."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of that."

"What! do you mean to say that Polly never told you that I wanted to see you?"

"She certainly never did," answered Ada, thinking only of Polly's duplicity in not having charge of impertinence to the man who had manifested so signal a favor upon her.

But a suspicion of the true state of affairs immediately occurred to her, and perceiving how damaging a blow she was giving to one of her cousin's happiness, she instantly added:

"Perhaps she forgot it."

"Forgot it! But—but she went out of the room and asked for you, and came back and said you was busy, and wanted to be excused. This she did two or three different evenings."

"Oh well, then, she may have said that I was busy; and thought that I would be so, perhaps," said Ada, smiling, for truth would really permit her to say anything else in Polly's defense.

"How! how? Yes. Very likely! I thought Polly was a girl of sense, who would not say so if I knew she what's very handsome, and perhaps she was afraid of being made a laughing-stock like—how?"

Charley felt certain that his affections had turned an entire somersault, and had lighted full upon the beautiful girl by his side; and he was astonished at his own assurance in making the first or pulpable.

Ada colored, and saying something about her hope that her cousin would be able to regain his soapiness of her insincerity, she broke up the con-ference by intimating that it was time they were going.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Great was Polly Walworth's delight when from her cousin's manner she saw her lover so preaching; in his best double pleasure-wagon, with his shining and well-groomed steed, and although it seemed rather odd to her that he had brought his "old father" along, (for such a first glance she supposed the occupants of the back-seat to be,) yet she was satisfied that he had reserved the place beside himself for her.

This view of the case of course was quickly changed, and consternation took the place of joy in the heart of Polly.

"I declare if there isn't that deceitful little minx, and her father, riding with Charley Boddy!" she exclaimed, to her mother. "What on earth does that mean?"

"Oh, don't be so sm't about your precious beau," said the mother, laughing. "I guess he's come across them somewhere, and has given them a lift home."

"Which she's been mighty willing to accept, the sly, artful, little hussy; and it's been the past talking time, too."

Charley did not come in, on this day, Polly to particular amusement, as the next night was his regular "sparking night," but she thought he was unusually attentive to her on Sunday. Ada out of the carriage, and that his parting with her was more tender than usual, she commended.

When she had heard the whole story, as related chiefly by Mr. Walworth, she tried to think and to feel that she was not displeased that she had sent, without the appearance of her lover, a dreadful slanderous filled her mind.

"I do believe it was nothing but a trick of Ada's," she said to her mother. "Didn't you see how she had been flirting herself up her petticoat; and then I should like to know what she went right towards an house for? They'd invited it anyway, I know, and I'm sure I hate, and all. It's a shameful, bare-faced trick, and Pop shall send on both right away. A very pretty thing, indeed, to come to my house and play off such cousin to come out here—and—pick up the beaux! I wonder what Charley Boddy can see in her, and a better one than she could have ever got at home, I'm sure. Might after all!" she added, in her fervent to her enraged daughter said she quite perished at the thought of her having been so near to the person for not having foreseen and prevented the whole affair.

"Mother!"

"I told you how it would be," continued Polly; "and you wouldn't believe me."

The mother promised to do all that she could to remedy the error, which she said would probably not turn out to be such a very great one after all. Perhaps Charley has only had a little headache or toothache, and that Ada has only had to be around to—borrow and explain it all."

"He never has the headache, and every tooth in his mouth is perfect, Polly, sarcastically, as milk," replied Polly, angrily.

The next day but one Mr. Stoddy; but on Tuesday, to the great relief of the distracted Polly, he came, with his business over, and had invited her and Ada to take a drive with him. This was before the accident to Mr. Walworth; and although she did not dare to produce her former excuse of a headache, she resolved to prevent her going, if possible.

"Here comes the old man a riding," she said to Ada, "and of course he has to go, so you'll have to stay at home, I suppose, and keep me company, that's all."

"Don't you say you're going, Polly?" said Esther, in her simplicity, for she had not heard the invitation.

"Yes, I suppose I am," said Polly, with a sigh, "since I've been asked to."

"Then I'm sure you ought to go, you two!"

"Most certainly not, Esther," said Ada, "but I ought to go to and see him, after all his kindness to you and me."

"Oh, that aint necessary. I'll make plenty of excuse for you."

But Ada thought it was necessary, and Polly to such pleasure in the prospect of a pleasant drive in declining the ride, to insist on her obligation. While the schoolmaid was engaged with her cousin, having given a minute or two to her toilet, descended to the parlor, where Charley Boddy had in his best suit of blue, was pacing the floor, while he and, and trying to keep cool, but still; and although she did not dare to produce her former excuse of a headache, she resolved to prevent her going, if possible.

"Here comes the old man a riding," she said to Ada, "and of course he has to go, you two'll have to stay at home, and keep me company, that's all."

"Most certainly not, Polly

sent to the post at once, and then returned once more to my couch. I passed the remainder of the evening in a state of stupor, but slept at last, and woke in the morning relieved of pain, and with only an excessive languor remaining as a reminiscence of all I had endured. My fears were quieted for the moment. Bessie had gone to spend a week with a friend out of town, and Hugh I learned was busy in the city. Besides, I felt that I had by my letter transferred the responsibility of his happiness to his mother. It never occurred to me that I must have given the poor woman a terrible fright, nor that, in the whole affair, I was making myself sufficiently ridiculous, seeing that Hugh, at twenty-five, must be supposed quite able to take care of himself.

Saturday morning, fully twelve hours before I had reckoned upon her reaching me, Mrs. McFarland arrived. She had travelled without rest or food, and her pale face, with its eager expression of anxiety, first announced to me what I had done.

"Is he living yet?" were her first words; and I was so thoroughly surprised that I knew not how to answer her. My silence, I suppose, confirmed her fears, for she tottered to a chair, and I thought she would have fainted in the hall before I could explain that Hugh was perfectly well. The servants had gathered round, and Mr. Hull, who knew nothing of my having written to Mrs. McFarland, stood by, a picture of wondering surprise. At length I persuaded her to go upstairs, and there I told her all.

Before I finished, we were called to breakfast, and when we went down we found Mr. Hull in a great fidget, because he had been delayed beyond his usual hour, and in a hurry to get down town, though, I think, he had nothing in the world to do.

Of course I intended to ask him to find Hugh and send him up at once, but he volunteered the duty. Mrs. McFarland and I waited at home the whole morning expecting the dear boy, but he never came. Dinner-time came and then we learned that Hugh had gone, on the eleven o'clock train, to the village where Bessie was staying.

"Marks told me," added Mr. Hull, "that he would not be back till Tuesday."

Jane and I looked at each other. Gone after Bessie! We could see it all, now, for Bessie was to be at home on the Tuesday.

"Poor infatuated boy!" exclaimed Mrs. McFarland, elevating her hands and eyes, and looking the very image of despair, the moment we were alone. "He is going to ruin himself and break his poor mother's heart!"

Jane had adopted a view of the matter even more melancholy than my own. She was gloomy by long habit—and Hugh was so dear to her. I believe she thought Bessie something evil, and had she lived in the days of witchcraft, would have unhesitatingly testified against her.

We had nothing to do but wait. I found, however, that Mr. Hull, who was not in the secret, wrote to Hugh that afternoon that his mother had arrived, evidently in trouble, and that letter brought the truant on Monday, Bessie, of course, in his company.

We were at tea when a carriage drove to the door, and in a moment Bessie was in my arms, kissing me distractedly.

"And this is Mrs. McFarland," she said, turning to that lady. "Hugh was so sorry he was away. I hope the delay has made no difference. We were just starting for a pic nic, but I would come right off."

"I am very sorry your pleasures should have been interrupted, on my account," replied Mrs. McFarland, stiffly. "Surely you might have finished your visit, though my son felt himself obliged to return."

"Oh, I could not think of having Hugh come back alone. I was so glad to come," said Bessie, sweetly. But Jane turned away from her almost contemptuously as her son entered the room. Hugh took his mother away to the library, and then, as I turned again to Bessie, I saw she was in tears.

I began to think I had got myself into an unpleasant position. I had aroused the elements and possessed no power to still them. Here was Jane in angry dignity saying insulting things to my niece, and Bessie crying about them. And Hugh would, of course, be angry at my interference, and Mr. Hull would be annoyed, and I, especially if it should turn out that there had been no love-making, should be made to feel that I had been acting in the most absurd manner.

Bessie would say nothing—only that she wondered "why Mrs. McFarland should treat her so, and that she wanted to love her," and finally she went crying up to her room.

"What does this all mean, my dear?" asked Mr. Hull, the moment we were alone.

"I am sure I don't know," I replied, "except that I wanted Jane to get Hugh away before harm came to him."

"And you sent for her?"

"Yes."

There was a moment's silence. Mr. Hull sat looking very grave. At last:

"My dear wife, I am afraid you have done a very foolish thing."

I began to think so, also. But even this did not grieve me like the grave look and the reproachful words, the first that ever I received from my husband in my twenty-five years of married life.

"Forgive me," I said, humbly, and the kiss he gave me in reply was as tender, his words as lenient to my folly, as they had always been to every fault of a character far short in its imperfections of the grand simplicity of his own.

I went up-stairs to seek Bessie. I heard a bell ring as I passed through the hall, and presently a servant tapped at the library door. Hugh came out and gave some directions in a loud voice, and while I lingered the girl passed me on the stairs. She went straight to Bessie's door.

"If you please, Miss Bessie," she was saying as I came up, "Mr. McFarland bade me ask you if you would step down to the library. His mother would like to be spakin' to ye."

"Oh, auntie, what shall I do?" cried Bessie, throwing herself into my arms. I turned to the girl.

"Say that Miss Bessie will be down soon," I said; "and now, my dear, tell me what is the matter."

"Oh, auntie," she cried through her sobs, "I love Hugh so much, and his mother is so cruel to me! I was pleased to think that I could make her happy. She never had a daughter, and I never knew my mother. I thought she would love me, and let me be her child."

"So you are engaged to Hugh," was all I could say in my extreme astonishment. Here was a phase in the character of this thoughtless, volatile creature, hitherto closed to me. I had not believed there was so much womanly feeling in her. "And pray, what is to become of King, and Lord, and Lathrop?"

"Why, I never cared for them at all," she said, with her eyes very wide open. "I know I've been a very wicked girl, and I did tell them, when they teased me so dreadfully, that perhaps I would marry them some day,—no, no,—you know what I mean, I did not ever intend to marry one of them; but, oh, this is so different. I never loved anybody till I saw Hugh."

She was a foolish little creature, not half worthy of my honest, manly Hugh, but I saw she had a heart, and she could not fail, loving him, to be ennobled by contact with his earnest nature. These were only butterflies with whom she had been sporting—no hearts would be broken, no harm done—they probably were as little earnest as she had been. I thought of all these things as she clung to me, and then I drew her closer, and left a kiss upon her fair brow.

"Only be a good, loving wife to Hugh, and I shall be content, my darling," I said, and then I took her down stairs.

I did not enter the library with her, but went away to tell my "auld man" the wonderful tidings. Solomon Hull is a very staid and dignified man, not given to tears, nor laughter, nor unseemly caperings. But on this occasion he cried, and laughed, and danced—all three. He denies it—but I nevertheless aver that my statement is strictly true.

He loved Bessie as if she had been his own—the little witch had a way of creeping into every man's heart—and he showed this affection, significantly, by presenting her, on her marriage-day, with a handsome and elegantly furnished house in her own right.

In this house she and Hugh are now living, the happiest people (except Solomon Hull and myself) that I know. Jane McFarland lives with them, but we have never been quite as good friends as before, since she accused me of ambitious motives in trying to deprive Hugh of so excellent a wife. In her opinion, Bessie only falls short of perfection in being a little below Hugh, and I am very glad she thinks so.

RICHMOND WAYNE'S COURAGE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"You are a base, mean-spirited coward, Richmond Wayne!"

The young soldier brought his clenched hand angrily down upon the table, as he uttered the stinging taunt, while the burning flush of passion dyed his handsome forehead.

Richmond Wayne bit his lip until the blood came—it was not in man's nature to bear such insulting words unmoved—but when he spoke it was in calm, measured accents.

"A *coward*, Edgar! That is not a pleasant word to hear, nor a wise one to utter, unless you are fully prepared to prove the accusation."

"None but a coward would stay skulking at home when every brave man in the nation is going forth to fight the nation's battles! None but a mean-spirited cur would refuse his own brother-in-law the paltry sum of fifty dollars!"

"Stop a moment, Edgar Bruce! You know as well as I do why I deem it my duty to remain at home, even while my heart is in the war. You know that my three motherless children are dependent on my salary for support; you are perfectly aware that I cannot leave them. As for the fifty dollars, Edgar, you should have them, and welcome, did I not know too well that they will only be squandered at the gaming table. I promised your sister and my wife, on her dying bed, to watch over your future, and guard you from all evil and temptation, to the best of my ability. Lending you this money would be but a poor fulfilment of my solemn obligation. Yet, Edgar, I pray you to believe that you are as dear to me as my own brother could be. I would lay down my life to preserve you from harm, but I cannot give you this money."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a common gambler?"

"What else can I think, Edgar?"

The young man's eyes flashed fiercely.

"Retract your words, this instant, Wayne, or you shall suffer for them!"

"I have only spoken the truth. I cannot, and will not retract *that*, Edgar Bruce."

Bruce raised his clenched hand with a sudden forward movement, and struck his brother-in-law so furiously, that the latter, taken entirely by surprise, staggered back against the table with a cheek which changed from white to scarlet, then back to settled pallor once more.

"Edgar," he said, in stifled accents, "I would not take this insult at another man's hand—but Helen's only brother is sacred in my sight. The time may come—nay I am certain that it *will*—when you will repent this rash act!"

He left the room with a calm dignity which for the moment over-awed even Edgar Bruce; but the instant the door closed, the spell seemed dissolved.

"The miserable poltroon!" muttered our hot-headed young soldier. "I will never set eyes on his face more!"

Could he but have foreseen when and how he should look upon that face again!

"He is here, boys—here, in this house! I saw them carry him in! Break down the door—smash the windows! I tell you we *will* get in. The villain! he shot down three of our best men. Are *we* to be treated like dogs because he wears those cursed shoulder-straps? Come on, boys! that's right—stave in the door!"

They crowded round the house, those howling rioters, maddened with their fancied wrongs, and all athirst for blood. Woe to the United States soldier who dared to brave their headlong fury! Edgar Bruce had charged through their midst at the head of his little band, as bold as a lion; but now, wounded and bleeding, he shrank from the sound of their demoniac yells.

"For Heaven's sake, keep them out!" he shrieked. "Richmond Wayne—is that you? don't leave me! They will tear me limb from limb!"

"They shall not touch you as long as *I* draw the breath of life!" hissed Wayne from between his set teeth, as he sprang to defend the door, which seemed literally bursting from its hinges under the pressure of the infuriated crowd without. "That's right, Harvey—carry him into the inner room, and keep the doors locked. Help *must* come, sooner or later—until then I will guard him with my own life!"

Even as he spoke the door fell with a crashing of timber and clanging of bolts. He turned to the sea of furious faces which broke on his view.

"Men, what does this mean? What do you want here?"

"We want the officer you have bidden away!" was the answer, scarce distinguishable through the uproar. "He has shot down our comrades! Give him up to us!"

"That means that he has done his duty," quietly answered Wayne, drawing his revolver, and pointing it full at the crowd. "I will not give him up!"

"The man's mad!" shouted one of the ring-leaders. "Let us pass—we don't want to hurt you, if you'll give up the tyrant you have got here!"

"Never!"

The word was Richmond Wayne's death-warrant. In the same instant there was a forward rush, and he fell, struck by a score of weapons, trampled down beneath a hundred hurrying feet.

His own sentence had come true—he had indeed laid down his life to preserve Edgar Bruce from harm: the momentary delay enabled the reinforcements to arrive in time to rescue Bruce from the hands of the maddened populace—but all too late to call back the noblest heart that ever stilled into death.

"Dead! O, God! could he but hear my voice once more!" wailed Edgar Bruce, as he bent over the marble face in wild outbursts of remorse. "Dead! and for *my* sake—to save my worthless life! Dead! and I called him a coward—I struck him like a dog! O, merciful Heaven! this punishment is greater than I can bear!"

Too late! alas, his repentance had come too late! For Richmond Wayne had been steadfast "to the death."

BALLAD.

BY ALICE CARY.

Into the house ran Lettice,
With hair so long and so bright,
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has 'listed!
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Letty!"
And she smoothed her darling's brow.
"'Tis true! you'll see—as true can be—
He told me so just now!"

"Ah, that's a likely story!
Why, darling, don't you see,
If Johnny had 'listed into the war
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is going to go, mother,
Whether it's right or wrong;
He is thinking of it all the while,
And he won't be with us long."

Our Johnny going to go to the war!
Ay, ay, and the time is near;
He said when the corn was once in the ground,
We couldn't keep him here.

"Hush, child! your brave Johnny
Meant to give you a fright."
"Mother, he'll go—I tell you I know
He's 'listed into the fight!

Plucking a rose from the bush, he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back!"

"A dream! a dream! idle Lettice
A wild dream of the [illegible];
Go find and fetch your father in,
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,
Calling near and far,
"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,
Are you going to go to the war?"

At last she came and found him
In the dusty cattle-[illegible],
Whistling Hail Columbia!
And beating time with his rose.

The rose he broke from the bush when he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock anger,
He plucked her by the sleeve,
Saying, "Dear little, sweet little rebel,
I am going by your leave!"

"O Johnny! Johnny!" low he stooped
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,
And took her cheeks and held in his hands,
And told her he would not die.

"But, Letty, if anything happen—
It won't, little Letty, I know—
But if anything should, you must be twice as good
As you are, to mother, you know!

Not but that you are good, Letty,
As good as you can be;
But then you see it might be so,
You'd have to be good for me!"

So straight to the house they went, his cheeks
Flushing [illegible];
And his two brave [illegible]
Turned their [illegible].

That night in the good old homestead
Was many a sob of pain;
"O Johnny, stay! if you go away,
It will never be home again!"

But time its still sure course kept,
Crawling, crawling past,
And Johnny's gallant regiment
Was going to go at last.

And steadying up her stricken soul,
The mother turned aside,
Took what was Johnny's from the drawer
And shook the rose-leaves out.

And brought the cap she had lined with silk,
And strapped his knapsack on,
And her heart, though it bled, was proud as she said,
"You would hardly know our John!"

Another year, and the roses
Were bright on the bush by the door;
And into the house ran Lettice,
Her pale cheeks glad once more.

"O mother! news has come to-day!
'Tis flying all about;
Our John's regiment, they say,
Is all to be mustered out!

"O mother, you must buy me a dress,
And ribbons of blue and buff!
O what shall we say to make the day
Merry and mad enough!

"The best and brightest day that e'er
The sweet sun looked upon,
When we shall be dressed in all of best,
To welcome home our John!"

So up and down ran Lettie,
And all the farmstead rang
With where he would set his bayonet,
And where his cap would be hung!

And the mother put away at last
Of weary, waiting gloom,
And a feast was set and the neighbors met
To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood
With his eager face at the pane,
And Lettice was out at the door to shout
When she saw him in the lane.

And by and by a soldier
Came o'er the grassy hill;
It was not he they looked to see,
And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,
'Twas all that he could do,
And the cap he had worn all gashed and torn,
With a bullet-hole straight through!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed, her servants exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight, a door was open for air, she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger; and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lips to insure silence, held out to the robber her purse and her keys. To her great surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room, and, without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.

—To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

FIRST AND LAST.

"I am sure you'll like him, Lilly! He's just like one of your heroes of romance!"

"I confess to no small degree of curiosity on the subject of this cousin of yours," said Lilly, half smiling as she twisted a trailing fern around the broad white ribbon of her hat. "But, Mary, will he like *me*?"

"Like *you*! How could he help it, you lovely little Oriental? And besides, he *must* worship your intellect, Lilly."

"Perhaps not," sighed Lilly Dare, her long dark lashes curving into a mournful droop.

Mary Estcourt threw her arms fondly round her friend's neck, entering with all a woman's delight into the slightest trifle that savored of match-making—"he *certainly* will love her, and oh! how nice it would be to have Lilly Dare for a cousin-in-law!" she thought.

* * * * * *

The sunset was tangling its network of misty gold around the swinging bells of the scarlet honeysuckle vine, as Lilly Dare came through the shaded parlors towards the spot where she could just discern Mary Estcourt standing beside a tall, stylish figure, whose head nearly touched the green canopy of vine-leaves above. Suddenly she stopped short, as if some unwelcome sound had impeded her progress. Leslie Gore's voice floated towards her, sharp and petulant.

"A blue-stocking—a live authoress! I'll take the down train to New York to-night, sooner than be brought into contact with such a nuisance. Of all things I detest your literary women! Why couldn't you have told me there was such an infliction in the house, and spared me the journey up!"

"But, Leslie——"

Lilly Dare did not stay to hear Mary's eager justification and praises—she walked up to her own room with the slow, haughty step of a queen, and when Mary came to call her to tea, she only answered that "her head ached violently and she would rather not come down;" but the next morning she took the cars for the city, before Mr. Gore was up.

"Leslie Gore! are you asleep and dreaming, or must I get a speaking-trumpet and hail you, ship fashion?"

"Did you speak to me, Emerick? I'm sure I beg pardon, but I was thinking of something else."

"Of some-*body* else, more probably, and I shouldn't wonder if I could hazard a shrewd guess as to the subject—all the world knows you are madly and ridiculously in love with Miss Dare. Come now—own up, and don't blush like a school-girl!"

"Why shouldn't I own up? I presume I am not the only person in New York who admires Lillian Dare."

"Not by a hat-full! There's Ferdinand White—and Harry Pell—and Fitzhugh Boynton—and——"

"Pray spare me the enumeration—it isn't particularly agreeable to hear the list of one's rivals. I *am* in love, Emerick; and I don't mind telling you, that if Miss Dare refuses me, I shall leave this country. I cannot endure the mortification—the disappointment of a rejection; and yet, poor fool that I am, I feel it to be impossible to exist away from the sunshine of her presence."

"Decidedly sentimental, upon my word," said Lacy Emerick, brushing a stray speck of dust off his cravat. "Rather a new thing, isn't it, for the cool and complacent Leslie Gore to be so completely at the mercy of a woman's smile or frown?"

He looked after his friend with a curious shrug of the shoulder, as Gore disappeared within the portals of Colonel Dare's "brown-stone-front."

"I'm not vindictive," he said to himself, "but I *do* think it would do Gore good to meet with a flat refusal. He has considered himself irresistible for so long, that—— But Lilly Dare will know how to manage him, if any woman does!"

Yes, Miss Dare *was* at home; and Leslie Gore felt singularly nervous as the servant ushered him into a large, partially darkened room, where the air was full of rose scents and heliotrope odors, from the vases of cut flowers, that were half hidden by the gorgeous folds of purple velvet curtains, falling from golden acanthus leaves to the very carpet. Miss Dare was sitting at a delicate little satin-wood writing-table, in a simple morning dress of white muslin, with her curls drooping from the vivid scarlet clasp of a coral comb. She rose as he entered, and greeted him with quiet dignity.

"May I trouble you to be as brief as possible in stating your business, Mr. Gore? I am rather in a hurry this morning."

Here was an unpropitious commencement of affairs! Leslie turned hot and cold at once.

"I—that is, Miss Dare, or Lillian—if I may venture to call you so—the fact is, I did not call on business matters!"

"No?"

How defiantly pretty she looked. Gore plucked up courage, and dashed vehemently into the very heart of his subject.

"I may as well speak out at once, Miss Dare. I came to tell you how deeply and passionately I loved you—to ask if it were possible for you ever to return my sentiments? Answer me, Lillian—for my life's fate hangs on your breath!"

He had sunk down—really very gracefully—on the velvety pile of the purple carpet at her feet.

"You love me?" she repeated, arching her brows.

"More than my own life!" he asseverated, eagerly.

"Must I remind you, Mr. Gore, that I am 'a blue-stocking'—'a live authoress'—a 'literary infliction?' Rise, sir; your fate was decided more than a year ago by your own lips!"

"I do not understand you, Miss Dare."

"Have you forgotten the girl who was visiting your cousin, Miss Estcourt—the innocent little country lassie, whose heart was already half given to the *preux chevalier* so often described by Mary Estcourt?"

"Is it then—are *you* the same one?"

"I am; and I heard your wholesale condemnation of literary women. I need not tell you how deeply I was wounded and mortified; and then—and then I resolved, if possible, to avenge the slight offered to the whole sisterhood of '*live authoresses*!' Go, sir—I do not love you, nor ever shall. What might have been, had I not chanced to overhear your unkind criticism, is of no further consequence to either of us. Suffice it to say, that your attentions are highly disagreeable to me. Good morning!"

She waved him from the room with the gesture of a goddess, and when he was gone sat quietly down to her writing, murmuring, half aloud:

"I think he will be less rash in his judgments another time. For his heart I do not fear, but I hope his vanity has received a salutary check."

It was a bitter cup that Leslie Gore drank to the dregs—to be rejected by a "blue-stocking;" but she was right—it did him good.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in heaven that were before invisible.

THE familiar experiment of the hydrostatic paradox, in which a capillary column of water balances the ocean, is a symbol of one man's relation to the whole human family.

LOVE, in a tiny form, may enter into the heart through a small aperture, and, after it gets in, grow so big on what it feeds on that it can never squeeze out again.

LET us learn the mild lesson nature teaches that our own orbit is all our task, and that we need not assist the administration of the universe.

IF you can't make a village or a parish or a family think alike, don't suppose you can make a world pinch or pad its beliefs to a single pattern.

SEXTONS and undertakers are the cheerfullest people in the world at home, as comedians and circus clowns are the most melancholy.

IT is always right to make the best of a bad position, but not to put ourselves in a bad position because we can make the best of it.

A TRUTH breathed by pale and gentle lips may be more crushing than the heaviest cannon-ball or the most terrible thunderbolt.

IT is said, that, of all the teas, Souchong conduces most to scandal, but a good many reputations have been blown up by Gunpowder.

IF you are in a bookstore, and the bookseller knocks you down with the first volume of a book, knock him down with the second.

THE great poet tells us that music soothes the savage heart. So, if you are captured by the Indians, sing and whistle with all your might.

MANY a spiritual shepherd takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

THE demagogue blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot.

THE world is not greater than man. No man is called on to lose his own balance for the world's advancement.

A GREAT soul has nothing to do with consistency. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.

A YOUNG woman may get her lover upon his knees if she can, but she should never let him get *her* upon them.

WHEN the head and the heart act each other's parts, both perform indifferently. Let each stick to its rolé.

WHEN the wind whistles through your keyhole, it expects you to whistle with it. It is sounding the key-note.

TERRIBLE are the wounds that War inflicts upon a nation, but Peace heals them at last with her olive oil.

BETTER be accused of a vice, being innocent, than acquitted of it, being guilty.

THE most and the best that is done for you must be done by you.

MANY run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is on his head.

IF an allegation is made against you, consider the character of the alligator.

CHARITY may sometimes gush forth from the hardest heart like silver water from the rock.

DON'T tempt a cudgelling unless you have some ability to cudgel.

OF all the heathen deities, the hungry man would probably prefer Pan.

A BLUNT truth is very likely to bruise a man without penetrating him.

THE great poet rubs our eyes with common clay, and we see the stars and flowers anew.

THERE are letters of marque, and a great many letters that are likewise letters of mark.

THE beautiful tresses of young ladies are beau-strings.

CURRENT ITEMS

DARING burglaries and robberies have become more frequent in this city during the last year than they were for many years previous; and the reason for the great increase in these crimes has at last been found out. It seems that the English government have been sending their most notorious, convicted felons to this country, instead of to Botany Bay; and of course they set at work plying their nefarious callings as soon as they arrive on our shores, and being unknown to the police they escape detection more easily than our native villains can. But now that the dirty trick of the British government has been found out, such a watch will be kept upon all suspicious-looking persons who come from merry England's shores, as will render the New World an unpleasant abiding place for them.

AGNES SCHAEFFER, a German girl, was murdered in this city in April last, and her murderer, who was also a German, succeeded in making his escape to Europe, where he remained until a short time since, when, supposing that he was not suspected as the guilty man, from the fact that no inquiry had ever been made for or after him by the police of New York, he returned to this city, arriving here a few days since; but he had scarcely set foot on shore before he was arrested for the murder. The "detectives" had played their game so thoroughly that the poor wretch believed himself wholly unsuspected and perfectly secure from detection, and so walked squarely into the trap that had for months been set for him.

ABOUT five o'clock, one morning lately, an unknown man was seen to undress himself on a pier on the East River, and then jumped into the water. As he did not reappear for some time, the parties who saw him jump in went to the spot where his clothes were lying and looked for him in the water, expecting to see him disporting himself therein; but he was nowhere visible. They then gave the alarm; the Police came, and search being made, the dead body of the unknown was at last found. The question then arose as to whether he committed suicide or was accidentally drowned while bathing; but no clue either as to this or to his identity could be arrived at.

A DUEL was fought between a couple of miners in the Washoe silver mines, not long ago, with pickaxes. The combatants were placed one rod apart, and advanced to the attack on a given signal. One ran furiously at his opponent, who advanced slowly, with his pickaxe raised ready to strike; but when the other got within about two paces he suddenly hurled his weapon at his slow-moving antagonist, and the point hitting him in one eye, he was knocked senseless, and although he was after a time restored to consciousness, the sight of his eye was ruined, and it was considered doubtful if he could long survive his injuries.

IT is rumored that one reason why England is so averse to getting mixed up with France in our affairs is, that she has a gigantic scheme of conquest in China and Japan under consideration which, if entered upon, will require all her resources. As proof of this, it is said that an English nobleman of high rank not long since declared that a Governor-General of China and Japan would be sent out in less than two years.

THERE are four brothers in Illinois, the eldest of whom is seventy-six and the youngest fifty-one, who have twenty-three sons in the Union army, all of whom are said to be "regular trumps," and who range in rank from corporal to major-general. The grand-parents of those twenty-three boys deserve well of their country.

A FINE-LOOKING boy, about thirteen years of age, fell into the dock at the foot of Canal street one evening lately, and though rescued before life became extinct, he died in a short time after he was carried home to his parents' residence.

TWO women living in Mulberry street dropped dead, at about the same time, one evening lately. One was carrying a pail of water up stairs when she fell lifeless, and the other was sitting in her chair sewing.

AN aged man living in Eleventh street fell from the second-story window of his residence, one morning recently, and was injured so badly that he died in a few hours.

A FAMILY consisting of the father, mother and five children all died in this city recently, in the course of one week—the father, mother and two children of diptheria, and the other three children of cholera-morbus.

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NATIONAL INSULTS.

Central America—The Mosquito Protectorate—The Clayton-Bulwer Convention—The Monroe Doctrine.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The last of the specifications adduced by our friends across the water, to support the charge against us of pursuing toward Great Britain, "for the last fifty years, a uniformly offensive" course, and thereby showing ourselves, not a "loyal friend but a grasping and bullying adversary" of that country, remains to be noticed. It is expressed in the following terms, in the London Quarterly Review for January, 1862:

"Again in 1856 we were on the brink of a war with the United States on the question of Central America. It would be hopeless to attempt to condense the history of the dispute in a few sentences; and the public has long been heartily sick of the obscure politics of the Mosquito territory and Nicaragua. We need only state that our protectorate of Mosquito, which had existed for two centuries, was denied by the United States; and President Pierce, when he came into office, avowed his adherence to what is called the Munroe [Monroe] doctrine, which in effect amounts to this, that no European Power has the right to colonize or interfere with any part of the Continent of America, south of the frontier of Canada. Indeed we are not sure that it even excludes Canada."

This, certainly, is very inadequate proof of the charge of being for fifty years uniformly offensive, grasping, and bullying in our relations with Great Britain. To entertain a different opinion from her on great international relations and historical questions, is in itself no crime, and when the essence of the offence consists in the manner in which our pretensions have been urged, it is supercilious trifling to allege nothing, but that the two governments have differed on important occasions.

The only facts stated in this paragraph are that the United States "denied the British protectorate of Mosquito, which had existed for two centuries," and that President Pierce avowed his adherence to what is called the Monroe doctrine. *While these facts, if true, afford no ground for the charge which is to be proved,* they form a very inaccurate and defective account of the recent controversies between the two governments, relative to Central America. It is quite true, as stated by this writer, that it would be hopeless to attempt to condense the history of the dispute into a few sentences, but an intelligible outline of it can be given in a moderate compass.

The claims of Great Britain to some kind of a *suzeraineté* over the Eastern coast of Central America had never attracted the slightest notice in this country till our acquisition of California gave great importance to the means of communication with the Pacific coast. Our government has, in fact, been very far from a "grasping and bullying" policy in reference to Central America. When this interesting region—a country more than twice as large as Great Britain, and possessing natural resources not inferior to any country in the world—declared its independence of Spain and formed with its five infant republics a federal government, it resolved, by the unanimous vote of its representatives, to seek admission into the American Union, and sent an embassy of eight of its most respectable citizens to Washington to effect that object. That Spain would ever re-establish her authority in any part of her former American dominions was as much out of the question in 1823—the date of this transaction—as that the Moors would reconquer Spain. But though our government considered that the time had come to acknowledge the independence of Mexico and the South American Republics—an independence which Spain had for several years ceased to contest—this voluntary offer of an empire was courteously declined by the United States, and that, too, contemporaneously with the announcement by the President of what has been called the Monroe doctrine!

With respect to the protectorate of Mosquito, which is said to have existed for two centuries, and which we are charged with "denying," we neither denied nor affirmed it. It had attracted little or no attention in this country. Those who thought anything about it probably thought it one of the shams of politics, shadowy in itself, though capable of being turned when necessary to substantial account. It consisted in maintaining the dependence on the British Government of a half Indian half negro chief, who styled himself the king of that region. Lord Palmerston, in a conference with Mr. Rives in 1849, said, "From a very early period the Mosquito Indians had been treated by the British Government as a separate and an independent State. They had what was called a king, who by the by," he added, (says Mr. Rives) in a tone of pleasantry, "was as much a king as you or I."

It is only necessary to add that Spain, the mother country of Central America, always "denied" this protectorate, as Nicaragua did after she asserted her independence. This whole subject was discussed with great ability by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, while Minister to England, in a memoir contained among the documents of the Senate for the Second Session of the Thirty-second Congress. The great object of jealousy on the part of Nicaragua was the port of San Juan, to which, however, the neighboring State of Costa Rica also set up a claim. After a long dispute with Great Britain, Nicaragua took military possession of the place, from which she was summarily ejected by England in 1848. No sooner was this done than the fine old Spanish name of *San Juan del Norte* was, in the worst possible taste, changed to *Greytown*, in honor to the British Colonial Minister of the day.

The acquisition of California, and the prodigious emigration from the United States to that region, caused by the discovery of the gold *placers*, created an urgent demand for facilities of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Attention was at first turned to Central America, and it being supposed that the most hopeful route lay through that region, a company was formed for the purpose of constructing a ship canal by the route of the river San Juan and the Lake Nicaragua. The conflicting pretensions of England, Nicaragua and Costa Rica to the port at the mouth of the river and to a portion of its right bank made it difficult to obtain an unembarrassed concession of the right of way for the canal. The United States took not the slightest territorial interest in the question, and desired nothing but that the canal should be subject to one uncontested jurisdiction. To effect this object, the Clayton Bulwer Convention of 4th July, 1850, was negotiated.

By this Convention it was stipulated by Great Britain and the United States, that neither of the two governments should ever obtain or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship canal, "agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof; or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection, which either affords, or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting any such fortifications."

This provision by its generality left the character of the Mosquito protectorate in rather an obscure condition, but that was a matter in which the United States took no interest.

Five days after the ratifications of this convention were exchanged, General Taylor died (9th July, 1850), and was succeeded by Mr. Fillmore as President. The convention provided that the two contracting parties should use their influence with "any states or governments possessing or claiming to possess any jurisdiction or right over the territory which the said canal shall traverse or which shall be near the waters applicable thereto, in order to induce them to facilitate the construction of said canal, by every means in their power." In fulfilment of this stipulation, Mr. Webster, the new Secretary of State, and Mr. Crampton, who succeeded Sir Henry Bulwer, addressed themselves to the task of mediating between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The British Minister and the American Secretary found no difficulty in agreeing upon a basis of settlement to be recommended to the contestant parties, and the Costa Rica Minister was also reasonably disposed. The Minister from Nicaragua (a Spanish Carlist, who had never set foot in Central America, but who had contrived to obtain the appointment of Nicaraguan chargé d'affaires to the United States and some of the European governments) was impracticable. In April, 1852, Mr. Webster and Mr. Crampton agreed on certain terms of adjustment, which should be sent to Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and proposed for the consideration and adoption of their respective governments. They were accepted by Costa Rica, but through the influence of the Nicaraguan chargé at Washington (who was believed to have obtained a copy of them surreptitiously from the department of State, and for that cause was dismissed by President Fillmore), they were rejected by Nicaragua.

Such was the state of things when, on the death of Mr. Webster, I came into the department of State in the last months of Mr. Fillmore's administration. In the course of the winter, Lord Russell directed Mr. Crampton to make known to me, the wish of the British government to take efficient measures, in concert with the United States, for a final adjustment of the Central American question. It was intimated that circumstances had so far changed in the lapse of time, that Great Britain had no longer any interest in Mosquito but such as she derived from an honorable regard to her old connexion with the Mosquito Indians; that she had long wished to disembarrass herself of the protectorate; but that all her efforts to do so had hitherto failed in consequence of the contentions of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica; the want of an efficient government with which a permanent arrangement could be made; and other causes.

San Juan, at this time, bearing the English name of Greytown, and nominally in the Mosquito territory, was governed by a Municipal Council elected by the inhabitants, and of this Council the members were all Americans from the United States. As a protection against Nicaragua, they carried on the government in the name of the King of Mosquito.

The views of the British Government at this time with respect to Central America, are set forth pretty fully in a report made by me to President Fillmore on the 16th February, 1853, and by him communicated to the Senate of the United States, and the entire subject of our Central American relations down to the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration was discussed at length in that body, at the extra session in March following. I may confidently refer to these documents, as showing that up to that time the two governments had acted in harmony, and that the charge of "bullying and grasping," on the part of the United States is utterly destitute of foundation. Mr. Fillmore, just going out of office, was unable, of course, to take any effectual action, with reference to the new proposals of England, which were, in substance, to make San Juan a free port; but he recommended Congress, at my suggestion, to establish a full mission, to be accredited to the five Central American Republics, to be filled by some person of great respectability and influence. Congress made the appropriation for the full mission; but the choice of the person nominated by President Pierce to fill it (Mr. Solon Borland) proved to be singularly unfortunate.

As has been already stated, by the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, the precise nature of the Mosquito protectorate was left in some obscurity, but no controversy on the subject arose between Mr. Fillmore's administration and the English government. The seeds, however, of dispute were sown about this time, by the formal organization of a Colonial government in the British settlements at Belize in Honduras and in the Bay Islands, one of which, Ruatan, is a position of as much importance to the commerce of the Carribean sea, as Gibraltar is to the commerce of the Mediterranean. If Belize and these Islands (which are within sight of Honduras, and claimed by that Republic) belong to Central America, then certainly it was in direct violation of the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention to form them into colonies. But Great Britain maintained that these Islands had always been regarded as a dependency of their settlements at Belize. The circumstances of the case as understood by me are set forth in a speech in the debate above referred to, and there is no room for them here. I did not think then, and do not now, that Great Britain intended to violate the Clayton-Bulwer convention, but I thought, and so said, that the organization of a regular Colonial government at Belize, and still more at the Bay Islands, was, under the circumstances of the case, an ill-advised step, hastily taken by the foreign office, at the instance probably of superserviceable agents abroad, and which would no doubt be retracted on better information and due reflection by the home government. This was eventually done, but after some years of uncomfortable discussion between the British government on the one hand, and the United States and Honduras, whose right to the Islands has finally been recognized by England, on the other.

The organization of these colonial governments was denounced by certain members of Congress and their friends throughout the United States, as a violation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. The Committee of Foreign relations of the Senate, by their chairman, Hon. James M. Mason, took this ground unconditionally, as far as the Bay Islands are concerned. With reference to a colony at Belize, Mr. Mason reported, that, if the British settlements there were not included in Central America, their organization into a colony was not indeed a direct violation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, "yet that any colonies or other permanent establishments there by Great Britain or any European power must necessarily excite the most anxious concern of this government, and would, if persisted in, lead to consequences of the most unpleasant character." In a speech on the same subject in the Senate on the 15th of March following, the same distinguished gentleman, after a glowing enumeration of the territorial acquisitions of England in the Eastern Hemisphere, closes with the following tolerably significant remark:

"If other nations permit her to seize and retain such strongholds in the Eastern Hemisphere, be it so; but upon this continent she has gone as far as she can go, consistently with the safety and interest of this country. Now, sir, I am prepared to make no charge; I am uninformed upon the subject. We are told that these British settlers at the Belize are constantly trespassing upon Central America; and they have endeavored more than once to seize the Bay islands and to colonize them. Intelligence in the public journals of this very day tells us of some new aggression committed on Honduras by the British authorities there. All these come in report and rumor only. I make, therefore, no charge of bad faith or violation of the treaty, because I have no information to justify me in making such a charge. But, sir, just as certain as the seasons return and the earth revolves in its orbit, this continent, so far as it interests the welfare and safety of the United States, must be freed from the aggressions of England."

Our friends on the other side of the water may gather from this remark who and what party it was that brandished the Monroe doctrine in the face of England, with reference to Central America—a subject to which I may hereafter recur. I will only allude here to the atrocious spirit of misrepresentation, which animates the writer in the Quarterly Review. After saying that the Monroe doctrine applies to all the Continent of America south of the frontier of Canada, he adds, "Indeed we are not sure that it even excludes Canada." Could he be ignorant that in announcing what has been called his doctrine, in his message of second December, 1823, President Monroe expressly says, "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere."

I will add but two remarks at present, on the subject of this much-maligned Monroe doctrine. First, that when the ground on which it rests was originally assumed by President Monroe's administration, it was, as far as it bore upon the affairs of Spanish America, with the concurrence and warm approval of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. George Canning.* He regarded it as a very important step, in furtherance of the policy then deemed of vital importance to England, viz.: that of counteracting the design entertained by Spain, backed by the Holy Alliance of recolonizing the Spanish American States. Secondly, that when Louis Napoleon has established a few more empires on the American continent, England will perhaps again view the Monroe doctrine with Mr. Canning's favorable eye. She may then also regret the countenance she has extended to the Calhoun doctrine of Secession, which, by paralyzing the government of the United States, has enabled Imperial France to commence the execution of the most high-handed measures of the Holy Alliance.

BUT THE END IS NOT YET.

Boston, 3d August, 1863.

*The reason why England objected to the recolonization paragraph in President Monroe's message of December, 1823, was, that it referred avowedly to our discussions with Russia as to the claims of the two governments on the North-West coast of America, where England also had unadjusted claims, and where she maintained that a portion of the territory was still unappropriated and open to colonization. See Rush's Residence at the Court of London, Vol. II., pp. 70, 71, English edition.

OUR VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

The discharged veterans of the Army of the Potomac who, after two years of faithful service, have returned to the pursuits of civil life, present a spectacle of which Old Rome in her proudest days might well have been proud. We never meet one of these bronzed warriors in the street without feeling inclined to grasp his brown right hand and congratulate him. Wives may well honor such husbands, sisters admire such brothers, mothers point triumphantly to such sons. They remind us of Vernet's pictures, and Lever's descriptions of the war-worn heroes of the "Old Guard." Their storm-frayed, battle-stained uniforms put to shame the purple and fine linen of Broadway. Few of us have any idea of what these men have endured. Some of them have been in as many as fifteen pitched battles, besides skirmishes innumerable. Such forced marches as many of them have performed were never paralleled in military history. Up to the hips in mud and water, with the rays of an almost vertical sun beating down upon their heads, they have accomplished such miracles of locomotion that if the literal truth were told, the silk-stocking world at home would pronounce it incredible. Nay, these case-hardened heroes, themselves, would have refused to believe the counterpart of their own stories eighteen months ago. Night after night, for many a weary week, have they dropped, at the conclusion of the day's march, on the water-soaked earth, and slept without cover under the drenching rain until the lurid morn broke on the starless midnight. Then up and away with the first gleam. For thirty nights in succession some of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac lay on their arms, blanketless, on the wet ground. Their fare during these terrible marches was on a par with their sleeping accommodations. No coffee, no meat—nothing but hard tack and water, and occasionally water only. During Lee's late invasion some of our troops were entirely without food for two days; and but for the blackberries, with which Heaven, more provident than military purveyors, had covered the soil, they must have utterly succumbed. And let it be remembered that no small proportion of these men had never known hardship before they enlisted in their country's service. Of course hundreds fell by the wayside. The survivors, who have come back to us, are the salamanders, the amphibii, the water-proof, sun-proof, hunger-and-thirst proof champions, at whom War and Tempest and the fiery Heavens launched their shafts in vain. Can we honor them too much? Is there a courtly drawing-room in the city that their presence would not *grace?* Let them preserve their ragged and discolored uniforms and transmit them as precious heir-looms to their children. The descendants of our Revolutionary soldiers are justly proud of their ancestry, and the sons of our patriotic veterans of the present day will have no less reason to boast of their indomitable sires.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 26.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CONSTANTIUS AND MAXENTIUS.

It will be remembered that the Emperor Constantine, at his death, divided the empire of the Roman world among his three sons. Constantine, the eldest, took Constantinople for his capital and the surrounding provinces generally for his realm. The second son, Constantius, was invested with the sceptre of Thrace and the extended undefined regions of the East. The youngest son, Constans, was appointed sovereign of Italy, Africa and western Illyricum. Thus by the folly of the hereditary descent of power the government of the world was placed in the hands of three mere boys, and very bad boys at that. Their several ages were twenty-one, twenty, and seventeen years. Constantine immediately marched perfidiously with his army to kill Constans and seize his realm. He was killed himself, and the boy of seventeen, by the aid of able generals, annihilated the army of Constantine and annexed his whole empire to his own. Magnentius, one of these generals, then formed a conspiracy against Constans, secured his death, and grasped in his hand the coveted empire of more than half the world. This Magnentius was of barbarian extraction. By the bribe of plundered provinces he secured the support of his soldiers, and his usurpation was assented to by all the humiliated, helpless, downtrodden people of central and western Europe.

Constantius, far away in the East, heard the tidings of these revolutions. Inflamed with rage against Magnentius, he left his lieutenants to conduct the war against the Persians, and hastened to the West to hurl a new army against the murderer of his brother. On his arrival at Heracles, in Thrace, he met an ambassador from Magnentius, who offered him friendship and alliance to be cemented by the union of a double marriage. Magnentius demanded for his bride the cruel and haughty Constantina, sister of Constantius. And he offered his own beautiful daughter to the Eastern emperor in return. Constantius deferred his answer until the next day. He then replied:

"Last night, after I retired to rest, the shade of the great Constantine, embracing the corpse of my murdered brother, rose before my eyes. His well-known voice awakened me to revenge, forbade me to despair of the republic, and assured me of the success and immortal glory which would crown the justice of my arms."

With this haughty answer the ignominious terms of peace were rejected. One of the ambassadors was dismissed to convey the defiance to his master. The others were put in irons. Both parties prepared for war. One of the generals of Magnentius, who had assumed the character of an independent sovereign, with a very large army, approached the city of Sardica. Constantius hoped to detach him from his alliance with Magnentius, and proposed a conference. One of the most singular spectacles of war ensued. The two armies met, in apparent friendship, on a large plain. In the centre a platform was erected. All the troops gathered around, American fashion, to hear speeches from the two emperors. The serried ranks of Romans and barbarians from all the provinces of the world, with gleaming swords and bristling spears, with banners and squadrons of horsemen and cohorts of infantry, each band distinguished by its arms, uniform and ensigns, formed an immense and dense circle around the tribunal.

Constantius first ascended the platform, and explained to the soldiers, of both armies, his idea of the posture of affairs, and the corresponding duty of Roman citizens and soldiers. Though by no means a skilful rhetorician, he understood all the arts of the demagogue, and made hits which brought shouts of applause from more than one hundred thousand stentorian throats. He tried the effect of a little pathos in depicting and deploring the death of his young brother. These tiger soldiers were not easily moved in that line. But when he appealed to the passion of revenge, and waved his sword, and vowed, by all the gods, that a brother's arm should avenge the death of a slaughtered brother, a wave of enthusiasm surged through the crowd. As in modern theatres, there were thousands employed, by previous agreement, to clap and applaud. The imperial address was pronounced superior to anything which Demosthenes or Cicero had ever uttered. The contagion of loyal enthusiasm spread from rank to rank till the plain of Sardica resounded with one simultaneous cry:

"Away with these upstart usurpers! Long life and victory to the son of Constantine! Under his banners alone we will fight and conquer!"

The shout of these thousands, the thunder roar of their clashing arms—every shield a gong—and their menacing gestures so astonished and appalled Vetranio, that he saw, at once, that it was of no use for him to attempt to resist the popular tide. Tamely he submitted to his fate. Taking the diadem from his head, he laid it at the feet of Constantius, and fell prostrate in homage before him. Vetranio was a grey-haired old man. Constantius, who, on this occasion, proved himself an adroit political manager, took him by the hand, addressed him by the endearing name of Father, and having thus swept all his cohorts into his own ranks, assigned the city of Prusa as the retreat of Vetranio, where he lived in affluence for the remainder of his days. The old man found a home of wealth and freedom from care far more agreeable than the anxieties of empire. In his simplicity he expressed the strongest gratitude to Constantius, as his benefactor, and entreated him to resign the sceptre of the world, and seek happiness, where alone it could be found, in the repose of domestic life.

And now Constantius was prepared for fierce fight with Magnentius. The usurper, infuriated by the peril with which he was menaced, advanced with a numerous army, composed of Gauls and Spaniards, of Franks and Saxons. The two armies, equal in numbers, in ferocity and in the ability of their generals, met on the fertile and extended plains between the Drave, the Save and the Danube. The fertility of the soil was such, that a loaded wagon was concealed from sight by the height of the grass. All the summer long the civil war raged on this spacious theatre, where neither party could obtain any essential advantage of position. After innumerable marches and countermarches, and bloody assaults of outposts, both generals seeming to avoid a decisive action, the troops of Constantius became dispirited, and he consented to the ignominy of proposing terms of peace. Magnentius returned the insulting reply, that if Constantius would instantly abdicate the purple he would pardon him.

This stung the usurping emperor to the quick. He resolved to fight, and with desperation. Near the city of Mursa, on the Drave, there was a wide, naked plain. Here the hostile armies met for a conflict which could not but prove decisive. Constantius formed his right on the Drave, while his left extended far beyond the right flank of Magnentius. For many hours the troops faced each other, as though unwilling to engage in the murderous strife. Constantius then addressed his troops in an earnest speech, and ingloriously retired to the tower of a church, to watch the progress of the battle. The imperial troops commenced the battle on the left, and advancing their whole wing of cavalry, wheeled it on the right flank of the enemy. The engagement soon became general, and Eastern valor and Western valor were pitted against each other. As the sun went down over that bloody plain, Constantius was the undisputed conqueror. His cuirassiers stood every shock like massive statues of steel. And when they charged, glittering in their scaly armor, and with their long and burnished lances, no Gallic legions could stand before them. Many of the troops of Magnentius were barbarians from beyond the Danube. Utterly routed and in despair they plunged into the rapid waters of the Drave. Fifty-four thousand of the insurgent troops perished in this conflict and a still greater number of the victorious party were slain. The slaughter on both sides was so immense that it has been said that the forces of the empire were consumed in the battle of Mursa. Magnentius, with a few followers, fled from the fatal field to the fastnesses of the Julian Alps. Here through the winter he recruited his wasted army. The Italian cities raised the banner of Constantius on their walls. Magnentius, in despair, sued in vain for peace. To avoid the doom of a cruel and ignominious death, which surely awaited him, he fell upon his own sword. Constantius was a merciless tyrant, and he punished with inexorable severity all who had been implicated in the career of Magnentius. Thus the divided provinces of the empire were again united, and Constantius, without a rival, looked down haughtily upon a subjugated world.

A CHAPTER FOR PARENTS.

There is one great defect in the present system of family education. Not that there is only one; but we wish to call attention at present to the practice of obliging the *girls* of a family, in almost every instance in which self-denial is involved, to give way to the boys. "Remember he is your brother," is the appeal to tender little hearts, which, though often swelling under a sense of injustice, naturally give way under this argument. This might be all very well, were the boys also taught reciprocity in this matter, but as this unfortunately is not often the case, a monstrous little tyrant is produced whose overbearing exactions and hourly selfishnesses are disgusting to witness. As years roll on, Augustus's handkerchiefs are hemmed at half a wink from his lordship that he wishes it done, and his breakfast kept hot for him, though he change his breakfast hour as often as the disgusted cook leaves her place; while his sister's faintest intimation of a desire for his escort of an evening is met with a yawn, and an allusion to "the fellows" who are always "expecting him." It is easy to see what delightful ideas of reciprocity in mutual good offices Augustus will carry into the conjugal state, if he ever marries. His bride soon finds this out to her dismay, and half a dozen babies, and her wakeful nights and careworn days, are no excuse for not always placing his clean linen on a chair by his bed when needed, "to save him the trouble of opening his bureau drawers." "Before he was married" his handkerchiefs were always laid in a pile in the north-east corner of his drawer, duly perfumed, and with the exquisite word "*Augustus*" embroidered in the corner.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he was always consulted about the number of plums in his favorite pudding.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he was never bothered to wait upon a woman out of an evening unless he chose.—And *now!* "Before he was married" he had his breakfast any time between seven in the morning and three in the afternoon.—And *now!*

And so the poor weary woman hears the changes rung upon the newly-discovered virtues and perfections of his family, till she heartily wishes he had never left them. It never once occurs meanwhile to this domestic Nero to look at the *other* side of the question. How should it? when all his life at home was one ovation to his vanity and selfishness. "He could never bear contradiction! dear Augustus couldn't;" so he must never be contradicted. His friends must either agree with him or be silent, "because a contrary course always vexed him." Now we beg all mothers, who are thus educating domestic tyrants in their nurseries, to have some regard for the wife of his future, waiting for him somewhere, all unconscious, poor thing! of her fate; even if they have none on his sisters and themselves.

The most interesting story we ever read, was one which did *not* end, as usual, with the marriage of the children of the family, but followed them into homes of their own, where the results of affectionate and at the same time *judicious* home-training manifested themselves in their beautiful, unselfish lives. It would do no harm, if mothers would sometimes ask themselves, when looking at their boys, what sort of *husband* am I educating for somebody? It is very common to think what sort of *wife* a *daughter* may make. Surely the former question, although so seldom occurring, is no less important. FANNY FERN.

A DOG-DAY ARTICLE.

The considerate reader is requested to note that this article is written under a pressure of 89° of Fahrenheit, and should, therefore, be looked upon as a hot-house production not amenable to cold criticism. Willingly would we discuss some highly instructive subject in a style that should make the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge envious; but the prehensile faculties of our brain are so weakened by undue evaporation, that we find it impossible to grasp any weighty theme. The wisdom that we desire to evolve in ink, unlike the animal fluids that are rushing from our every pore, refuses to run. Thus circumstanced, permit us to touch briefly on the tropical topic which a cloudless sun and a zephyrless atmosphere force upon our attention. Chemically speaking all flesh is at the point of dissolution. Even lean men are dripping. The canary in yonder cage has just taken a saucer bath to calm his throbbing pulses, and the goldfish, if they could speak, would ask for ice-water. The sun is believed by some astronomers to be volcanic—if so all its craters are at present in full play. Cool drinks are in request. But what's the use? The waves of fluid that pass down your throat are immediately determined in spray to the surface. It is a day to envy living skeletons. Oh! that our dearest friend would give us the cold shoulder. Even from the ice pitcher, a thing of callous metal, breaks out a sweat of agony. Throw up the sash! Give us air! Whew! a whiff from Sahara—a fan-blast from the wing of a Sirocco—a puff from the panting lungs of a Simoom. Turn the thermometer face to the wall, for it seems to us that the quicksilver palpitates. How happy a man with the ague must be on such a day as this. Spontaneous combustion may be a myth, but it *is* possible to exhale in vapor. Reader, did *you* ever try to write for the press when in a state of ooze. If so, what were your dissolving views? Perhaps the weather may be cooler before this paragraph passes into print. If so, consider it an equatorial incubration telegraphed to the temperate zone. It is written loosely; but who can *condense* when his fluids are all going off in steam.

—The number of horses used up by the war thus far is estimated to be as follows:

Killed in battle	4,000
Used up by fatigue and starvation	65,000
Killed and eaten by the rebels	1,000
Total	70,000

This strikes us as being rather a high figure; but still it may be *under* the mark, after all, rather than over it, as war is a terrible waster of animal as well as of human life.

TIME AND LOVE:
AN ALLEGORY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Old Time and Young Love, on a morning in May,
Climbed in town by a river in babyish weather,
And agreeing, for once, (for a table, you'll say)
In the same little bed made a voyage together.

Strong, steady and patient, Time pulled at his oar,
And swift o'er the water the voyagers go;
But Love—who was thinking of Flossie in shore—
Complained that his business was wonderfully slow.

But Time, the old sailor, reserved at his wish,
And knowing the leagues that remained to be done,
Content with the current, refused to be made
Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

Love, always impatient of docile or delay,
Blew sighs for the breeze to fill the flowing sails,
And scolded at Time, for the constant way
For not having furnished the shallop with sails.

But Time, as serene as a calendar saint,
(Whatever the payment was thinking upon)
All deaf to the voice of the rumbler's complaint,
Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

Love, vexed at the heart, only observed the more,
And sobbed, "By the gods! in this country or clime
Was ever a lubber who handled an oar,
So no joy's fashion as old Father Time!"

But Time only smiled in a genial way,
("Tis often the mode with young sailor-boy Love)
As one who knows more than he cares to display,—
And still at his oar pulled steadily on.

Grown calmer, at last, the exhausted boy
Ralf-rose the miracle with wonderful surprise;
The voyage, at length, he begins to enjoy,
And even to like the companion of Time!

But Time, the severe, egotistical elf,
Knew the day that he meant his wearied upon,
Had set for a moment his sickle by
But kept at his oar and kept steadily on.

Awaking, once more, Love rose with a sigh
That the Never of Life will be presently passed,
And, lo! the bustle forth with a pleasure my
O Time, gentle Time! you are rowing too fast!"

But Time, well-knowing that Love will be dead,
Dead—dead! in the boat!—ere the voyage is done,
Only gives him an outlook shake of the head,
While he tugs at his oar and keeps steadily on!

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN DEATH," "FAIR LEIF MENDEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.
THE VISCOUNT VINCENT.

A King may make a noble knight,
A Duke may make a Lord,
All Nature can not make the man
Made forth to wear the sword.
—Thomas Ingelend.

The path of woman and power of worth
Are higher roads than a line.
—Romney Jones.

The next morning, Ishmael and Ben, the only real hard workers in the family, were the first to make their appearance in the breakfast-room. They had both been up for hours—Ishmael in the library, answering letters, and Ben in the nursery, seeing that the young children were properly washed, dressed and fed. And now, as the usual hour, they came down, a little haggard, and impatient for the morning meal. But for some time no one joined them. All seemed to be obeying of the night's declaration. Ben walked nearly an hour, and then said:

"Ishmael, I will not disturb you longer. I know that you wish to get to the court house, to watch the Emerson trial; so I shall stop for breakfast. Industrious people must not be hindered by the lackadaisy of lazy ones," she added, with a smile, as she put her head to the door.

Ishmael was about to protest against the breakfast being delayed on his account, when the matter was settled by the entrance of Judge Merlin, followed by Mr. Middleton and Claudia. After the morning salutations had passed, the Judge said:

"You may ring for breakfast, Claudia, my dear. We will not wait for your mother or your uncle talk us that she is too tired to rise this morning."

But as Ben had already rung, the coffee and muffins soon made their appearance, and the family gathered around the table.

Besides Claudia's plate lay a weekly paper, which, as soon as she had helped her companions to coffee, she took up to read. It was a lively, gossiping little paper of that day, published every Saturday morning, under the somewhat sounding title of "The Republican Court Journal," and it gave in addition to the news of the world, the doings of the fashionable circles. This number of the paper contained a long description of the President's drawing-room of the preceding evening. And as Claudia read it aloud, she smiled and broke in silvery laughter.

Every one looked up.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired the judge.

"Let us laugh, Claudia," said Mr. Middleton.

"Oh, papa! oh, uncle! I cannot help but read it out—it is too absurd! In three so way, I wonder, of stopping these reporters from giving their asinine block estimate of one's height, figure, complexion, and all that. Listen, Ben—you read it, my dear," said Claudia, handing it to her cousin.

Ben took the paper and cast her eyes over the article in question; but as she read on, her cheek crimsoned with blushes, and she laid the paper down.

"I read it, Ben," said Claudia.

"I cannot," answered Beauvoir, coldly.

"Why not?"

"It makes my eyes burn even to see it! Oh, Claudia! how dare they take such liberties with your sister?"

"Why, every word of it is praise—high praise," it is.

"It is falsome, offensive flattery."

"Oh, you jealous little imp!" said Miss Merlin, laughing.

"No, Claudia; I am jealous! not of you; but for you—for your delicacy and dignity," said Beatrice, gravely.

"And you think, then, I have been wronged by this public notice?" inquired the heiress, half wounded and half offended by the words of her cousin.

"I do," answered Beatrice, gravely."

"As if I cared! Queens of society, like other sovereigns, must be used for their popularity, Miss Middleton!" said Claudia, half laughing and half disdainful.

Her made no reply.

But Mr. Middleton extended his hand, saying:

"Give me the paper, Claudia. In a little too independent; and like a little too fastidious, on either to be a fair judge of what is right and proper in this matter; so we will see for ourselves, Judge."

Judge Merlin nodded assent.

Mr. Middleton read the article aloud. It was really a very lively description of the President's evening reception—interesting to those who had not been present; more interesting to those who had; and most interesting of all to those who found themselves favorably noticed. To the last-mentioned the notice was fame—for a day! The article was two or three columns in length; but we will quote only a few lines. One paragraph said:

"Among the distinguished guests at the young Viscount Vincent, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Bournemouth and Basil. He was pre[illegible] the Fort British Minister."

Another paragraph alluded to Claudia, in terms:

"The belle of the evening, beyond all question, was the beautiful Miss Merlin, only daughter of the Hon. Judge M—— of the Supreme Court. It will be believed that the blood of Pocahontas runs in the beauty's veins, giving lustre never taken back to her dusky eyes, fire to her brown cheeks, and soul and grace to her movements. He is truly an Indian Princess."

Mr. Middleton laughed at this.

LORD VINCENT AND CLAUDIA, AND ISHMAEL AND BEE.

"Well!" said Mr. Middleton, folding down the paper, "I agree with her! It really too bad to be trotted out in this way, and have all [illegible] of Bournemouth and Basil! He was pre[illegible] the Fort British Minister!"

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Until you get a more legitimate one!" suggested Claudia.

"But I will see McQuill, the reporter of the 'Journal,' and ask him as a particular favor to leave my daughter's name out of his next column full of pie!" laughed the judge, as he rose from the table.

The other members of the family followed. And each went about his or her own particular business. The day being the most following the first appearance of Miss Merlin in society, was passed quietly in the family.

The next day, being Sunday, they all attended church.

But on Monday a continual stream of visitors

"Until I get a more legitimate one," assented Claudia.

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But on Monday a continual stream of visitors

And the judge led him into the thick of the crowd.

Little more than a year before the judge had said, in speaking of Ishmael—"Of course, owing to the circumstances of his birth, he never can hope to attain the position of a gentleman, never!" But the judge had forgotten all about that now. People usually did forget Ishmael's humble origin in his stalwart presence. I use the word "stalwart" with truth, as it spoked of his form and manner. The judge certainly thought that Ishmael was not Society's gentleman as well as Nature's nobleman; when, taking him through the crowd, he said:

"I shall introduce you to some young ladies. The first one I present you to will be Miss Tourneyse, the daughter of General Tourneyse. You must immediately ask her to dance; otherwise will expire you to do so."

"But," united Ishmael, "I am already engaged to dance the next set with Bee."

"You verdant youth! So probably is she—Miss Tourneyse I mean—engaged ten sets deep. Ask her for the honor of her hand as soon as she is disengaged," replied the judge, who straightway led Ishmael up to a very pretty young girl, in blue crape, to whom he presented the young man in due form.

Ishmael bowed and proffered his petition.

The case was not so hopeless as the judge had represented it to be. Miss Tourneyse was engaged for the next dance, but would be happy to dance the fourth with Mr. Worth.

At that moment the partner to whom she was engaged for the quadrille, then forming, came up to claim her hand, and the young lady was escorted to Judge Merlin and Beatrice, Ishmael walked away with her companion.

Ishmael looked around for his own lovely partner, and Bee, smiling at a little distance, caught his eye. He bowed to Judge Merlin and went up to her and led her to the head of one of the sets about to be formed.

In the meantime—

"Who is he?" whispered many voices, while many eyes followed the stranger who had come among them.

Among those who observed the entrance of Ishmael was the Viscount Vincent. Half reclining, in an elegant attitude, with his white gloved hand upon the arm of the sofa, on which Miss Merlin reclined, he watched the stranger. Presently he said to her:

"Excuse me; but—who is that very distinguished-looking individual?"

"Who?" inquired Claudia. She had not noticed the entrance of Ishmael.

"He who just now came in the room—with Judge Merlin, I think. There, he is now standing up, with that pretty little creature in white with the golden ringlets."

"Oh," said Claudia, following his glance, "that is my pretty little cousin!" is my cousin, Miss Middleton."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Vincent, "but the honor of her hand as soon as she is disengaged," replied the judge, who straightway led Ishmael up to a very pretty young girl, in blue crape, to whom he presented the young man in due form.

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movement of the company towards the back of the room.

"I think they are going to supper. Will you permit me to take you in, Miss Merlin?" said Colonel Vincent, offering his arm.

"If you please," said Claudia, rising to take it.

"Shall I have the honor, dear Bee?" inquired Jahmeel.

Beatrice answered by putting her hand within Jahmeel's arm. And they followed in the company to the supper-room—a scene of splendor, magnificence and luxury that baffles all description, except that of the reporter of the "Republican Court Journal," who, in speaking of the supper, said:

"It is at the house of Mrs. ——, we gusted by every one, that the best cooks and waiters are always sent for by Judge Merlin. Scenes surpassed, indeed."

After supper, Jahmeel danced the last quadrille with Miss Ferrenpeck, and when that was over, the time-honored old contra dance of Sir Roger de Coverly was called, in which nearly all the company took part—Jahmeel dancing with the daughter of a distinguished senator, and a certain Captain Todd dancing with Bee.

When this last dance was over, the hour being two o'clock in the morning, the party separated, well pleased with their evening's entertainment, and went away to sleep on flowers, and retired to bed; but ah! not to repose. The natural exhilaration of the evening, the night, the splendor, the luxury, the guests, and among them all the figures of Jahmeel and the viscount, haunting memory and stimulating imagination, forbade repose. It was the first night of all his busy, useful, inspiring life, he was conscious, deep in his heart, of a yearning anguish, whose name was Claudia Merlin. He was under the despotic anguish tortured him like the vultures of Prometheus. Can you picture to yourself before his mind's eye—the sofa, with the beautiful figure of Claudia upon it—the viscount and the stately form of the viscount, leaning with deferential admiration over her. The viscount's admiration of the beauty was patent; he did not attempt to conceal it. Claudia's pride and pleasure in her conquest was also undisguised, as she took no pains to veil them.

And for this cause Jahmeel could not sleep, but lay tossing all night with a fever in his veins and arose the next morning pale and ill, from the restless bed and wretched night, but fully resolved to struggle with and conquer his hopeless love.

"I must not, I will not let this passion overrule me! I have work to do in this world, and I must do it with all my strength!" he said to himself, as he went to his office.

Jahmeel had gradually passed upward from his humble position as errand-boy, and was the legal assistant and almost the partner of the Judge in his office business. He had, however, near his partner in everything except a share in the profits; he received only a salary. It still worked for his small salary as amanuensis; not that the Judge willfully withheld any part of the young man's valuable assistance, without giving him due remuneration, but the change in Jahmeel's relations to his employer had come on so naturally and gradually, that no one thought of the thought of raising the young man's salary to the same dividends as the profession and services occurred to Judge Merlin.

It was over by measuring himself with others that Jahmeel proved his own relative proportion of intellect, knowledge and power. He had been diligently studying law for more than two years. He had been attending the sessions of the courts of law to which the Judge said in the city. And to-day, the confidential assistant of Judge Merlin for the first time—

In his absence from the office, the Judge had chosen counsel to Washington, and in transacting to the business of the lawyers and the charges of the judges, and watching the results of the trials—he had made the discovery—

namely, that he had attained so fair a knowledge of law as was necessary for many of the practising lawyers of these courts, and he resolved to commit his acquired knowledge to the test—experience of his making application for admission to practice in the Washington bar.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY EDMUND BENNETT.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine, in one of our commercial cities, and I met with my serious adventure. One night, as I was entertaining home, with a lovely little-frequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I had been with during the day and night, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big, gruff, coarsely-dressed man, who—

"Are you a doctor?" he both announced and inquired in the same breath.

"I am."

"I want you to come with me then!" he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his mind, beyond question or doubt.

"I cannot to-night," I answered, with positive emphasis. "I am all worn out, and must go home to get home."

"Yes, you doctors are always wanted out when a poor man calls you!" said the fellow, with a threatening growl; "but you shall not—no such doctor's practice-dog need looking to, and you find your way home at any hour of the day or night. Well, I'm no such, thank Heaven, and I've got money enough to pay for my case. I've tried half-a-dozen doctors already, and none of them will come—and so, you see, I can't let you off."

"But, really—"

"See here, doctor," interrupted the fellow, threatening a knife, and flashing the blade, by a quick flourish, before my eyes, "I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a certain value on his own life, and also on the life of his best and dearest friend. You know how much your wife's worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me; and, Dick Brownell, I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend to die, I'll put this knife into you!"

It was an open space where we stood, about half-way between the backs of new buildings, that were not yet tenanted. I looked up and down the dark street, but not a soul was in sight.

"Where do you wish me to go?" I inquired.

"Oh, down here a piece," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Come on, before it's too late!"

He passed his arm through mine, without so much as "by your leave," and began to walk away, of course taking me with him.

"Is your friend a male or female?" I inquired, pretending to feel perfectly at my ease, though I would have given a year's practice to have been safe at home.

"Boy's a woman."

I breathed freer—for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.

"What is the matter with her? and how long has she been ill?" I questioned.

"About three or four hours ago she got a-bein to a child that didn't live more'n a minute, and since then she's been having fits," was the reply.

"Was there no physician with her when the child was born?" I inquired.

"No; I couldn't get one to her, for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor, came in and did what she could. Do you think an hour you can save her, Doctor?" inquired the man, in a husky tone.

"I cannot say, of course—but I will promise to do the best I can."

"O, do! do!" and Heaven will bless you for it!" he exclaimed, in a voice that expressed a more deep and earnest feeling than I had supposed was in him.

I began to be interested; the case might be better than I had thought; some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the look-out of fortune, and had not received his deserts.

"Is the woman your wife?" I kindly inquired.

I believe he heard me; but as he did not answer, I concluded not to repeat the question.

We soon turned into some small, mean, dark, narrow streets, where none but the poorer class lived. We now walked forward in silence—the man, who still had hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I should observe my path, like the taking long, rapid strides, and causing me to little exertion to keep step with him.

At length he turned into a dark court, where I could see one solitary lamp a few dingy buildings on either hand; and I thought, if he should want to rob me, I was completely in his power. He stopped before the door of one of the houses, took a door, and led me up a flight of creaking stairs, when I observed a solitary gas-jet at the top of these stairs we groped our way forward a few feet, and he opened the door and led me the room of the patient. The apartment was small and plainly furnished. One dim lamp burning on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman, with a face expressive of the coldest quickly and eagerly around at our entrance, and, seeing me, exclaimed:

"Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, yes; I've got a doctor at last, God be praised, if it isn't too late!" replied the man, hurriedly; adding, in the same breath, to me:

"How is she, Mr? how is she?"

The old woman, with a grim look, and signed me out:

"She's had three on 'em since you left, and she's in the fourth now, your dear!"

"Oh, no! no!" groaned the man, sinking down upon the nearest seat. "Doctor, you haven't let her die, have you?"

I hurried to the bed, and found the patient in convulsions. She was upon upward sixteen, and, medically, a considerable quantity of vital matter was required, I knew, to constitute the person followed. The face was flushed, the eyes fixed, the pupils dilated, the breath short, she must be bled, and but no time in opening a vein. She was strong, and required only a full application to her system.

The man, who gave his name as Ralph Waldron, came to the door with me and thrust a half eagle into my hand.

"How is she?" he asked, in a trembling voice, as I descended the stairs.

"She is better, I think, and I hope she can be saved," I replied.

"Do, doctor, will you come again to-day?"

"Yes, I will certainly call upon her; but I shall have got some sleep and visited some few patients that cannot wait, by noon."

"Don't desert us, doctor! for God's sake, don't!" said Waldron, with a look of anxiety and alarm.

I assured him I would not, more than, on reflection, at the moment, for my fellow-feeling for a stranger should take place of my own interest—namely, that he had attained so fair a knowledge of law as was necessary for many of the practising lawyers of these courts, and he resolved to commit his acquired knowledge to the test—experience of his making application for admission to practice in the Washington bar.

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ree de-bolition come; no no slave now—no free men, stre."

"I shall complain of this insolence to your minister, fellow."

"Minister? you bin mean de gentleman I gage with? Me complain, too. Why you call me fellah? Me not your fellah. Mass Bartlee call you fellah—worse than fellah, sneb. You know what dat mean, snob, and dat why him no take you to dinner at General Butler."

Lin turned pale with mortification and anger.

"Fellah!" continued the speaker. "If him talk him speak to mineral natural? You no pose on me. Me no pose when you think yourself above, pretend to gloss to look like Mass Wetby. Good no pay, better than pay; me laugh or me tee fellah! He say de gay;' me

The negro race have a natural talent for mimicry, and the waiter gave an ludicrous an imitation of the gipsy as he had delineated him before the looking-glass, that the latter felt quite as much humiliated as mortified by the discovery.

"You look him door next time, stre. Um send him mint julep. You make an forget. Dar is gentleman in the coffee-room ask to see you.

"His name?"

"Name, um can't tell name; dar is him card."

"Hand gentleman card," said the gipsy, observed Lin, with a sneer.

"Dat gentleman no curious," answered the waiter, evasively; "him mind him own business."

"Mr. Twisselton Phlem!" ejaculated the gipsy, greatly astonished when he read the name; "show him up instantly! and there, Pompey—Mungo—or whatever your infernal name may be——"

"Him name Mennon, stre," interrupted the waiter, with undisturbed gravity.

"Well, then, Mennon, there is a dollar for you, to encourage you to be a big nigger, and respectful for the future. You understand me, I presume?"

"Course him understand; when white gentleman behave like gentleman, colored gentleman 'ciprocate, stre," replied the negro, pocketing the coin.

"Put some champagne in ice, Mennon."

"Sartin, C'rectly, stre."

"And show my friend Twisselton in."

"Muddely, stre."

The waiter shuffled out of the room, with a deference as if self-importance was a necessary thing to have given a lesson to the white man, whose liveries did not in the slightest degree alter the opinion he had formed from what he saw that Lin wished to purchase the show of a little respect, and he felt no objection to sell it in him.

"My dear Mr. Phlem!" exclaimed the gipsy, starting from his studied position as soon as he saw him; "this is indeed a most unexpected pleasure. Who the devil would have thought of seeing you in New Orleans? Come and be the trump of a fellow, and no mistake! Bentley is on his way to Liverpool; a hint sufficient—you can't afford to be idle. What is the news from Manchester? I think you have a share in the Hungerford—infernal rascal! How about the tin? But sit down; I am using you with my questions."

The astute lawyer smiled at the *rodomge* of vulgar familiarity and assumption of gentlemanly ease. Had he been acquainted with Ernest Wetby, he would have recognized the copy at a glance.

"Sorry Bentley is absent," he replied; "my chief business is with Mr. Lin."

"Can't I do as well?" demanded Lin. "We have an account to settle with Messrs Southey."

"I am sorry, Gentleman must excuse when you really know Bentley——"

"His absolutely important—confidential——"

"It is very important."

The gipsy looked all attention.

"And confidential."

"Of course, my dear sir, of course."

"And private," added Phlem. "In fact, so private that I should not have thought to impertinge a hint of it to any other person."

"Well, I suppose you know what," muttered Lin, in a tone of disappointment.

His visitor quietly scrutinized what he thought he did.

"And how about my affairs?"

"Now you are reasonable," observed the lawyer; "your own affairs—occupy yourself with them, my dear sir, and leave those of other persons to take care of themselves. Mr. Wetby's sinister property is entirely disposed of, and the proceeds, where my confidence ends."

"Which is a pretty heavy one," interrupted his client.

"And expenses," continued Mr. Phlem, without appearing to notice the latter remark, "intrusted to bills on London. I can quite reply to go over the accounts with you, and wind up the affair."

Lin's eyes glistened with ungenuine and cupidity. It was getting out of the scrape so easily better than he expected, and the sum in the present pressure, he had not calculated on being honestly realized. His own standard of morality, as our readers are aware, was very accommodating, and so judged mankind accordingly.

The accounts of the sales were gone through, receipts signed, and the bills delivered.

"This is my work," resumed the gipsy, as he placed them carefully in his pocket-book; "what say you to a glass of champagne? Capital stuff. Only one fault—scarcely strong enough."

Mr. Phlem nodded assent.

The bell was rung, and Mennon made his appearance with the wine.

"Cigars," said Lin, imitating the tone and air of Wetby.

"No for me," observed the lawyer. "The American weed is too strong."

"Too strong!" repeated his client, "because you are not used to them. By the-bye, I have something that will just suit you—mild as milk, fragrant as——"

"Never mind the comparison."

"Well, I won't. No need of such things between friends."

"Quite superfluous."

"And you understand me as well without?"

"Quite," said Mr. Phlem, greatly amused.

Bentley gave a single cane before he added—perfect game. A friend of mine, a planter on the river, made him a present of them. I had snatched at mine, and so included on my accepting his."

"I perceive. A parting gift?"

"Exactly so. Mennon!"

"Here, stre."

"Go and bring me a cigar-case in my room. I think, in my dressing-gown."

"Dress-coat pocket," repeated the negro; "him understand. Coat Bentley had and him to dine wid General Butler in?" he added, with a comical roll of the eye.

"Ah, yes. I believe so," replied the gentleman, somewhat confused. "If not in that, feel in my dressing-gown—the silk one."

"Yes, Mass Lin."

"Bring it to me."

"De dressing-gown?"

"No. The cigar-case, you idiot!"

Mennon was about to retort, but a second dollar slipped stealthily into his hand acted as a balm to his wounded dignity, and he quitted the room without a word.

"I really must congratulate you," said the lawyer, who greatly enjoyed the airs his client had assumed; "you are the great object of the hotel to-day. I should think it does," said Lin.

"Is it a wonder?"

"Make it fifty pounds a year, and say no more about it," was the reply. "The sun's five very long."

After some little harassing and hesitation, the affectionate son consented. The last argument, probably, was not without influence in the decision.

The affair being settled, Mr Phlem retired to his own room to write to Liverpool. Disposed in great object of his visit to Atlanta, he had to reflect upon the line of conduct necessary to pursue, and resolved to write to Mr. Ashton, the attorney of the probable arrival of John Bentley in Liverpool.

There is a fate in these things," he muttered to himself. "Who could have thought Bentley such an ass as to return? to quit the land of safety for one of danger. Gave him credit for more prudence."

Just as he had sealed his letter, Mennon, following a slight rap or three gentle raps, entered the room.

"Well?" said the gentleman, greatly surprised, "what do you want?"

"Mass Lin! Mass Lin!" gasped the negro, his eyes rolling wildly.

"Don't cause! Tell him I would take no more wine, and——"

"Not dat! not dat!"

"What is it, then?"

"Mass Lin dyin!"

Mr. Twisselton Phlem bounded from his seat as if he had received an electric shock.

"Dying!"

"Him red in de face like turkey-cock; him speak no more; him eyes start out; him look as you leave him."

The lawyer instead back to the room he had so lately quitted, and found the tale of the speaker upon its literal truth. Lin was stretched upon the floor; his face distended—his features frightful, and clothed in purple livery, which so tightly clenched the nails had penetrated into the flesh palms.

"Send for a surgeon instantly!" he exclaimed.

One of the waiters disappeared.

"And give me a pencil. Stay, I have one."

With great coolness and presence of mind, considering the suddenness of the occasion, he took upon himself the office of the physician, and wrote a few lines, which he addressed to the nearest surgeon.

"Very sensible indeed," observed the host, who, with a smile, "I like you much better in your natural character. You are a man of business; not but the latter is amusing enough."

This was the object of his agonized blood-fed client. All how completely he was at his mercy, and extort from him the most unexpected power required respecting the whereabouts of John Bentley, whose property he considered he looked upon as exceedingly apocryphal.

"Mennon returned with the cigar-case.

"Dyin' dead, stre."

"Dead, indeed! Whoa, the stupid Mr. Lin!"

"There, I am done. I give you notice, sir, acting a part with one's lawyer."

"A very sensible observation," observed his visitor, with a smile. "I like you much better in your natural character. You are a man of business; not but the latter is amusing enough."

This was the object of his agonized blood-fed client. All how completely he was at his mercy, and extort from him the most unexpected power required respecting the whereabouts of John Bentley, whose property he considered he looked upon as exceedingly apocryphal.

Mennon returned with the cigar-case.

"Try one of these," said the gipsy, handling it to the lawyer, "and then a glass of wine."

Mr. Twisselton Phlem selected one.

"And bring some wine."

"Directly, Mass Lin."

"My dear Phlem," said his visitor, "but at present you have not answered my question."

"What question?"

"Where is Mr. Bentley?"

"I told you, on his passage to Liverpool. You don't believe me, I suppose? You might just as well say so at once."

"Well, perhaps I might."

"Or you think me a fool."

"Worse than that, my dear sir, no mistake; but this time you have met your own wit, for I have told you the truth."

His visitor still looked incredulous.

"Will share something else," continued the gipsy, producing the written instructions his partner had left behind him; "a mere piece of paper in his pocket-book—of no these—or them? I don't know how to think; I also will take a cigar and shove-board with you."

The gentleman read them carefully over, and finally dortured himself perfectly satisfied.

"By the by, what sort of wine, too, I should say."

"Sorry you've," said the negro, indignantly. "Mennon should come to be called doctor, plenty if the Union and Rose"—the latter the sign of the establishment—"not know that gentleman, you added, pointing to the letter, "is the best good wine."

"Ah!" said the negro, "injured to-perfection."

"But very moderately."

"All the better perhaps for you," was the reply.

Evidently the speaker had got some idea into his head at the bottom of the letter about, or would not express more clearly.

Certain questions were still on the tip of the patient, and the listener continued by the present, with increasingly encouraging signs of eagerness—who, despite his cold appearance and habitual gravity, blinds drew near—thought that it had lasted long enough, he proceeded to business.

"I have done all the human skill can do for you, my dear sir," observed the lawyer to Lin. As Lin was being conveyed to the bed, he would pick up a little paper-writer; trust Mr. Lin lawyer, and hold out thinking to him.

"Won't attempt to rush, my good fellow," said the gentleman, talking it.

"Dat gentleman," repeated; the gipsy muttered the name of Bentley, and something about his surgeon; the rejected note his former state of insensibility once more.

"Dat gentleman," repeated the negro, "dat gentleman," repeated the negro, "dat gentleman," repeated the negro, "

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DRIFTED AWAY.

BY STUART LYNN.

To-day Lake is dancing, and I must be here,
Her touch, tender-gentle, as they say,
To-night solemn-tilting, and I see,
Of this wild—who has drifted out
Yet by to-speak softly of her who is gone,
Nor let the old memory wake
Or the poet, when the heart I would die to have won,
Beside back from me and be broke.

Tossed-wave, bended, and bosom with the sea,
I see him come upon a boat once more,
Cool help me to tell him—

"My wife—Bessie Lee—
Can you tell me if Bessie is here?"
Then the boat sings in his hands, trembling vice
By the brook-side that ran in our way;
I hear a low sweet and fling on the stream,
And the bird [illegible]—" Drifted away."

A wreck, wrecked glass, a hand on my arm,
A whisper hoarse:

"Tell me—not dead?"
"Not dead—for now me I am leading straight down,
Not on, on to thy wrecked home,
My friend, they have left me to tell you the tale,
For Bessie unceasingly pray'd
Lake Lee, she was lonely, and only a child
When you left—ah—she drifted away.

Away and away—like a lily afloat,
Unclasped by gathering dew;
Away and away—past warring and truth,
Past honor, and promise, and prayer,
Away and away—past alms and breath,
Till in blossom by the cross never more
Away and away—till the tide of the street
Flung it off on the pitiless shore."

I have told him, poor Lake—I turn me aside,
Nor look on his sorrowful face,
With a slow, dragging step he has staggered away,
He sees with a boy's bounding pace,
A heathcloud, twisted and knotted and torn,
By the brushes, is all that I see.
To tell me that Lake has been here and is gone,
With red rings the bird in the sea.

None know where he went as the years rolled away,
And we heard not the sound of his name,
While only in whispers we spoke of the lost,
Of Bessie—her kindness and shame—
Still pitiful sorrow for youth goes astray,
And alights for the drooping flower.
Were mingled with prayers for poor Bessie and Lake,
Who might most never more see.

But one August night, when the low, gibbous moon
Shed dull glances hither and thither,
There came up a shout from a fisherman's boat,
And hastened on the bluff, from the cove
A traveller passing tapped short at the sky,
For he heard the call distressing it.
"Help, master, at once—a woman's white dress
Over yonder seems drifting away."

Ashore, still ashore—like a lily afloat
Unclasped by gathering dew;
Ashore, still ashore, once the face was and white,
With its ocean-sealed tresses of red,
Ashore, still ashore, till the surf from the wave
Had taken on the river bank spy,
And the traveller, Lake, from the current at last
Poor Bessie—who drifted away.

Her dead—for a doctor and pastor I went,
They were as at home in the cove,
And great-hearted Lake held her close to his breast,
And kissed her, and called her his love.
He lingered to tell me about the night,
How she longed just to see me again,
Yet dared not come home in white despair,
She felt the waves drift her ashore.

There, kneeling beside her, he prayed for her soul,
Until consciousness came to her,
She came in the fashion who knew Lake Lee,
And, praying, her wave again passed.
Till then, on her face there rested no sign
Nor over the poor pitied day
He stepped in the boat, and he said not a tear,
As he did when she drifted away.

That was long years ago, and I am his wife,
We still are in love with the sea,
We still are in love with the blossoming vine,
Or the tinkle bird sweet song.
I see him grow sad and I know
Remember still his lost dying day,
How the pain will return with the sound of her name
The poor lily that drifted away.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 26.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

AN ADVENTURE WITH HYENAS.

We spent two more days, with good success, in the neighborhood of our encampment with the dogs, and then we moved on. We yoked up early in the morning, and, made only about ten miles the first day, hauling to cut our way through the thickest mass of vines and brush that I ever attempted to pass. There was no way to get around it without going back many miles. Upon our left, to the westward, was a rugged pile of rock, while upon our right was a deep river. A month later that river would probably have been dry, or so nearly so that we could have got our wagons across without difficulty. However, we came out all right in the end. We had to work hard for lost time, we trekked at least fifteen miles by moonlight. At length we reached a beautiful tract of country watered by a tributary of the Nglodene, and, having selected a favorable spot, we fixed our camp. It was nearly dark when our engineer was out of the way, and when we were smoking our pipes we heard a frightful yell not far off. I was startled, and so were my companions. The cry was repeated, and presently we heard a second cry much like the boisterous laughing of a child.

"Hyenas and earth!" cried Ben Gilroy, starting to his feet, "what is that?"

Tukongo informed him that it was probably a hyena.

"A laughing hyena?" said Ben.

Our guide answered in the affirmative. And then, turning to me, he added:

"Those fellows would have found some dead body. Either some hunters have been here before us, or some beast of prey has left a rotting carcass for the hyenas."

In a little while the moon rose, and, as the cries of the hyenas still continued, we took our rifles and went out. At the distance of about a third of a mile we found the marauders, in a low vale, and Harry and I, being in advance of the rest, fired upon them. We did not kill any of them, but we frightened them away, and upon going to the spot where they had been we found the carrying remains of what looked of an animal —of what kind we could not determine, as only a few bones were left, and those had been broken and crunched. After this we returned to our camp and enjoyed a good night's rest.

On the following morning we were out bright and early, and during the day we bagged two small antelopes and three wild hogs, besides digging some standing holes. We came upon about a mile from our camp, upon one side of a beautiful vale, where the grass of luxurious and wildflowers grew taking of good spot. That night we took our positions, but not a man was offered to our aim. The next forenoon Boshoo came in and informed us that he had seen a herd of buffaloes away to the northward of our position; and he proposed that he and Tukongo should go out and drive them in. Upon examining the lay of the land I found that if Boshoo could get around the herd he would drive them into the valley where we had spent the night. This was exactly the thing, so I sent the men out to start the game towards us; and so soon as they had gone we took our rifles and went down to our valley.

We had made eight holes, so we had good opportunity to choose such positions as suited us. The game would enter the valley at the northern extremity, and Harry took this position at first to that direction. I selected a hole next below him, and should have found myself next. Ben Gilroy came next, while Abner Jackson took his station near the southern outlet. In less than an hour we had the sound of the coming herd, and shortly afterward our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the most magnificent buffaloes that we ever saw. The column was led by an old bull of the largest size, and, pushing and bellowing, they came the troop, in regular sentence, until full a hundred and fifty of the noble animals had swept into the vale. But the buffaloes were not alone. There were at the column, trampling like wildebeestes they were at home in that kind of company. even the troop pass without firing a shot, for it was a magnificent sight, and one would much trouble to witness. But the spell was broken by the crack of Harry's rifle. I saw the old bull—the leader of the van—leap into the air and tumble over. He had received a shot for Harry. He fired two more shots from his double-barrel, but I could see that the head of the column was within my range. I fired three times, dropping one buffalo, and wounding an old bull without bringing him down. It was a glorious season, and with excellent success, dropping two of the finest cows of the herd, and never fired but once. I wondered why he did not let drive again, but he had more than enough.

As soon as the troop had passed me I leaped out from my hiding-hole and looked toward the point where the head of the herd was passing out from the valley. Abner's station was some sixty or four hundred yards from me, and as I looked for him I thought that I saw something strange in the appearance of his pit. It seemed as though something else had got in with him, and that a regular row was being kicked up. I grumbled. I shouldered my Winder rifle, which I had reloaded, and started toward the spot. I had not gone far when I heard the report of Ben on the way and reached the scene of action just as Abner was beginning to lose his strength.

The situation was this, and the circumstances which had led to it were curious enough.

The old bull wildebeeste which I had wounded, maddened and crazed by the deep fervor of the bullet between his horns, and half blinded by the blood that was down into his eyes, had turned from his course and dashed pluup into Abner's hole. When I reached the spot I found Abner astride of the brute, holding him by the horns, and daring to change his position or loosen his hold. I knew how to sympathize with him, for I had once been caught in the same kind of a look myself. However, I soon settled the business, and very much when Abner was free he was so weak that he could hardly stand. Harry came up, pulling and blowing after the work was done, and Ben and he Harry Rand joined us.

After this we took our horses, and before night we had gained three more buffaloes. On the next day we bagged a fine specimen of the eland, and towards night I discovered a wounded vale some miles ahead, and I knew that water might be plenty. Ben and Abner returned to the camp, but Harry and myself kept on, and we spend the night in the forest. We reached the water early in the morning, and we found it quite before dark.

The moon would not come up until after midnight, and as the vale was enveloped in the forest and the night was dark, we could not see a thick grove, and lay down to sleep. I had slept some time when I was awakened by what I seemed to be the cry of a human being in distress. I sprang to my feet, and Harry was also called to me; and he, laboring under an impression of the same character, sprang to his feet called to him. I had not spoken, and he declared that he had not. We listened, but we heard nothing further. I struck a match and looked at my watch, and found that it was half-ten o'clock. It would be more than two hours yet to moonlight, so we threw ourselves for other nap.

When I was next aroused it was by a terrible chattering and snapping close to me, and as I sprang to my feet and seized my rifle I saw a sickening color, very much like that of the crest, I seen in a dimly-lighted room. I knew at once that my gaze was not one calculated to beget very pleasant sensations.

The moon was up so high that the light came into the vale, and I could distinguish objects near to me almost as clearly as by daylight. Facing me, and not more than twenty paces distant, were four full-grown spotted hyenas, and one of them had my rifle between his jaws, crunching at it right savagely. My first movement was to grasp my weapon, which was in took from me, but the one he declared that he had not. We looked at each other for a moment, and then Harry said:

"Walter, I'll be hanged if I don't believe that those fellows have been watching us ever since we came into the vale, and that they have been waiting for a chance to get at us."

"Harry," I said, "I have a notion that you are right. Those fellows have been watching us, and they have been waiting for a chance to get at us. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll keep our rifles, and we'll keep our eyes open, and we'll keep together, and we'll see if we can't make it lively for those fellows."

"Agreed," said Harry.

Then we looked to our rifles, and found that they were in good order. We had no fear of the hyenas, though we were aware that they were dangerous when in packs. We had no fear of them, because we knew that we could keep them at bay. We had no fear of them, because we knew that we could kill them. We had no fear of them, because we knew that we could drive them away. We had no fear of them, because we knew that we could do all these things, and we knew that we could do them easily.

Altogether, the night was a profitable one, and it affords a good page of incidents for my diary.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN EX-GRAMMAR TEACHER, of Brooklyn, writes: "Although I do not belong to any of the classes mentioned by W. (Lawson, April 30), Young Scribe, Ned Buntline, Old Subscriber, Mrs. C. Willis D. and Sweet Sixteen (August 6),

"1. When requested to parse a word, I do not admire those older words, and how often it has been parsed the as was given. If I desire you to parse the word *the*, I do not parse the words 'the' and 'under' and does exists to have parsed *the*, because the two latter words are not mentioned. The word *the* is a 'definitive' or 'limiting' former. Parsing an equivalent is not parsing the word required to be parsed. This applies to the words which are 'contained in,' or can be spelled out of the words which are required to be parsed.

"2. Remember that the subject of a verb is in the nominative case, and of a verb or preposition in the objective case. A finite verb, a word in the subject of one verb and the object of another, is in both cases at the same time. Physically, it is one in the set of one person and the father of another, but grammatically 'equivalent' to a father and son, but in another as a father and son, sustaining the two-fold relation at the same time.

"3. A noun or pronoun is not in the same case, simply because it is 'applied to' or 'refers to' the same object. We are called by Young Reader in just no rule at all. Words, in grammatical parsing, are not applied to or refer to persons, but to the same case. That person is opposite to me, and I am opposite to him, but we are not of the same case. Nouns are in apposition, when the one defines, explains, or identifies the other. So the (so-called) neuter verb *to be* takes the same case after it as before it, when one and the same person or thing is referred to (actually inanimate and passive verbs, as I am, John killed himself, Caesar killed Brutus's) is not in opposition, nor is it used to call the case after it. It is called an intransitive or passive verb.

"4. My rule, or observation given below, is a statement of the principle which governs the cases in which grammatical relation is expressed. Rule 1 is:

"A. *A rule should have no exceptions.* A rule asserts a fact—not a relation to a fact. The two cannot exist. A rule with an exception is just no rule at all. The rules of our grammarians are no rules, but relations to rules. I can but declare simple rules, by which I can parse correctly, and which will be found applicable to every case to be parsed among these rules. Nouns has an exception. Many of the readers of the Ledger, like the sun, rise and set but when he possessed. 'What! Elgin, Elgin, Elgin, Time—what! this man a Scot, a Scot, a Scot, a parish the object of the very possessed, and at the same time, a Scot, a Scot, a Scot